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CONTENTS
FOR APRIL

COVER DESIGN	F. Luis Mora	
THE SCARF WITH THE BULLET HOLE Decoration by Willy Pogany	A Letter	1
PETER'S FLOWERS—Poem Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty	Gene Stratton-Porter	3
THE TRAIN OF DEATH Photographs	Rudolph Bukely	5
WHITE IRIS—Poem	Bliss Carman	13
THE SONS OF JOHN SWANSON Illustrated by J. O. Todahl	George Madden Martin	14
PLOTTING THE AIR LANES Photographs	Henry Jay Case	18
OUR WATCH ON THE RHINE Illustrated by W. M. Berger	Francis R. Bellamy	24
THE YANKS IN GERMANY Photographs	Alexander Woolcott	28
MEDALS AND BADGES OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS Illustrated in Colors		33
MOTHERS AND SONS	Ruth Dunbar	35
HIS MOTHER—Poem	Theodosia Garrison	37
WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE OF THE WAR Illustrations by F. Strothmann	Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.	38
JUGO-SLAVIA, THE NEW NATION Photographs	Charles Downer Hazen	43
HOUSEKEEPING IN KHAKI Decorations by J. Paul Verrees	David M. Hayes	49
AMERICANISMS	Angelo Patri	54
TO BE A BETTER BLIND MAN Photographs	Leon Fleischman	56
WHERE DOES THE BLOOD HIDE?	Emily Frances Robbins	61
ENGLAND TAKES OFF HER WAR PAINT Illustrated by John Conacher	Edward Hungerford	65
A HYMN FOR AMERICA Decoration by Franklin Booth	Christopher Morley	71
FROM HEADQUARTERS TO YOU		72
THE MOST OBSTINATE MAN IN BELGIUM		75
THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS Photographs		79

NEXT MONTH'S SPECIAL FEATURES

CONINGSBY DAWSON, out of his three years of experience in war, has written a thoughtful and a noble article on the influence of the French children on the American soldiers.

ZONA GALE will contribute a story of Friendship Village, wherein we follow the doings of a little Greek boy and see the result of an American environment on the alien child.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS will tell of the work the Government is doing for the maimed soldiers and its plans for restoring them to a normal industrial and social life.

Editorial Board: F. N. DOUBLEDAY; A. W. PAGE; J. S. PHILLIPS; R. T. TOWNSEND, Paris Representative; E. F. EASTMAN, Business Manager; GILMAN HALL, Managing Editor; E. C. RIEDEL, Art Editor

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THE SCARF WITH THE BULLET HOLE

Decoration by Willy Pogany

To Miss Lucile Newbert. With The American Armies in France.

My Dear Lucile:

War plays strange tricks and often makes it necessary for followers of the fortunes of fighting men to perform sad duties. Because this is true, and because from far-off California you sent a scarf, knitted by your own *wee* hands and addressed to a "Dear Soldier Boy," I am writing you this letter.

Near the town of Stenay on the morning of November 10th I came upon a burying squad. The men of this squad were taking from the pockets of the boys, who had died on the field of honor, little trinkets, souvenirs, and letters to be sent to parents. As I watched the men, I noticed a mere slip of a boy who had been killed while trying to assist his wounded pal to a place of safety. Beside his body was a little heap of buttons, belt buckles, a locket and some letters, and on top of all a card. Written in a clear childish hand was a message saying, "Dear Soldier Boy: *This scarf was made by a little girl ten years old.* I would like to hear from you if you have time to write." Then followed your name and address. I looked for the scarf and found it—neatly wrapped around his neck and folded on his chest. Here and there it showed signs of wear. There were three or four small holes in it. One of these was made by the machine gun bullet which called the poor boy "west."

Fearing that the card might be lost if left there until gathered up with his personal belongings, I picked it up myself, determining to write you at the earliest convenient moment, telling you of the brave soldier boy—your soldier boy—who had died for country and comrade. Being a war correspondent I have few spare moments, but now I am able to tell you this tragic bit of news.

You are only a little girl, but you have cause to feel proud because your contribution to the boys who fought on a foreign battlefield found its way to one who fought well and died well. While he fought your scarf kept him warm. When he died it was folded around his neck, like the caressing arms of a mother. I hope that you will find comfort in knowing you heard from "Dear Soldier Boy" even though he writes by proxy.

Very sincerely, your friend,
(Signed) Bernard J. O'Donnell,

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"I'd like a flower at Peter's head that's tall and straight, that's white and sweet"

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PETER'S FLOWERS

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

There is a tradition, old as war, that the first flower to spring from the soil of a battlefield is the red poppy. The ancient Chinese pronounced blue the "perfect color." All colored flower forms are supposed to have been white originally.

I GREW a wealth of poppies red, to seed the tortured fields of France;
I grew a wealth of poppies red, lest by some strange and dark mischance,
There should not spring above our lads this passion flower of old romance—
I grew a wealth of poppies red, to sow the blood-stained fields of France.

And yet, our Peter did not like these flaming flowers of gaudy red;
He did not care for any flower that raised a brazen, bloody head.
Our Peter was a gentle soul, who loved the sheltered wildlings sweet;
He worshipped snowy violets that bloomed beneath his wandering feet.
He loved the tossing maidenhair, the trillium lily's shaft of white,
The starry campion's sheaf of lace, the creamy beard-tongue, feather light.
He loved the twinkling azure star, topping slim blades of blue star-grass;
He peeped in blue-eyed Mary's eyes, when loitering through her woodland pass.
He loved the pure blue violets, he heard the swaying harebell's call;
The bellflower summoned him to prayer—Oh, Peter dearly loved them all!
He watched the blue flag's waving gleam, the slender aster's dainty blue;
He hailed blue sailors on his road; loved the fringed gentian's perfect hue.
He liked the shining cowslip gold, heard the adder tongue's bronze bell;
He lingered near gold celandine, and loved the stately foxglove well.
He liked all flowers of pink and mauve, and colors passing rare,
He loved the perfume of their breath, wafted on fanning summer air.

But often I heard Peter say he did not care for poppies red,
So I'll not take their seed to France to sow o'er his unheeding head.
I'd like a flower at Peter's head that's tall and straight, that's white and sweet,
And I'd like pixie moss and frail harebell to cover his dear feet.

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For Peter, he was straight and tall; his heart was simple like a child,
Yet word was carried us from France that drove our quiet Peter wild.
His dear eyes burned a light so strange, his kind hand turned to tempered steel—
We'll take him back his Valor Cross, when by his side at last we kneel;
For we shall leave him where he lies, 'mong the brave lads with whom he fell;
We'll take him flowers of white and gold, and the true blue he loved so well.

And I will sow my poppies red, my wealth of flaming, bloody seed,
Where passing throngs, who read their sign, recall the Kaiser's hellish deed.
By crowded road, by forest path, by lonely, winding, western trail,
I'll sow my gaudy crimson flowers, lest in the coming years we fail
To keep alive within our hearts the fire that burned each gallant lad,
When he gave up his precious life, while the proud giving made him glad.

I'll sow my poppies by the sea, through sunny fields and swampy ways,
To fan the fire in us to flame, adown the lonely future days,
In memory of the lads we gave, with aching hearts, but no regret;
I'll scatter wide my poppies red, a living sign, "We'll not forget!"
And far they'll spread 'til æon suns shall pour a pure and molten light
That fades red passion from my flowers, and turns them back to spotless white.

But I will sow where Peter lies, now that the last dread fight is through,
The flowers he loved of white and gold and, most of all, the perfect blue.

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The Russian Naval Barracks at Russian Island, Vladivostok, in which the American Red Cross Refugee Hospital has been recently established.

THE TRAIN OF DEATH

By Rudolph Bukely

OUT of the maelstrom of Siberia has come this heart-sickening story of suffering, so awful in its simplicity that it taxes belief. Its importance at this hour lies in the fact that, terrible as it is, it depicts only one small fragment of the mantle of misery that seems to have enwrapped the world. Distance, policy, and censorship have hid these appalling pictures. What was Russia—all the way from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea—is a tragedy that prefigures the day of judgment. Mr. Bukely, the Red Cross man who tells this story, was until a little while ago a banker in Honolulu. He went to Siberia to give what aid he could in the work of relief. What he has encountered—a single drop in the great ocean of misery—has burned itself into his soul. He writes like a man racked and numb, shut away from mankind by the very consciousness of so much wretchedness, and almost as if himself doomed to the death that is around him. In the manuscript which came overseas to Red Cross Headquarters he wrote it all, transcribing at night, with mechanical truthfulness, the things he had witnessed since morning. Propriety has demanded the exclusion of much that is unprintable, but more than enough remains to bring home to the American people how much we have been spared of the world's woe and to rebuke the complacent souls who shrink from the making of refugee garments, who think that with victory the work of the Red Cross is done.

IT IS the eighteenth day of November, 1918. I am at Nikolsk-Ussurisk in Siberia. In the past two days I have seen enough misery to fill a lifetime. I will try to set down in my own manner what I have seen.

I have read many times of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have been told of Russian prisoners returning from German prison camps wrecked by starvation and tuberculosis. Only four weeks ago, as a four-minute man, I was preaching the doctrine of "hate." To-day, I humbly ask forgiveness for my thoughts of hate, and pray from the depths of my soul that I may be allowed to play my part, though a small one, in trying to improve the condition of men, whatever their nationality, so that perhaps some day this world may emerge into the great Brotherhood, and that such things as I have seen may become impossible.

I have seen the dead, through whose bodies disease and vermin have eaten their way until life itself has departed, after five months of daily, agonizing torture from hunger, filth, exposure. Before God I do not exaggerate.

I have seen, through the windows of box cars whose dimensions were twenty-four feet by ten, forty animals who once were human men, women, and children; faces glared at me which I could not recognize as those of human beings. They were like beasts' faces, of a species unknown to man. Stark madness and terror stared from their eyes, and over and over all the unmistakable sign of death.

I have seen the dead lying along the roadside, and fifty

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The huddled mass in the foreground is a dead boy. In the car were two more corpses.

or sixty men fighting like dogs for pieces of bread thrown to them by the sympathetic poor people of Nikolsk.

I dread to think what the winter means to Siberia and to its poor inhabitants, whether Russian peasant prisoners or Austrian prisoners of war. This winter the parliament of the people will meet and every one will be too busy writing the new "Constitution of Free Russia"—heaven save the mark!—to care about so small a thing as human life. The sights I have seen will be duplicated all over Siberia and thousands, aye tens of thousands, will have literally rotted to death. I use the words advisedly, for life is the cheapest thing in Siberia.

There are rumors that the Allies may withdraw within a few months and allow Russia to work out her own salvation. If they do this without removing the prisoners of war and making some provision to prevent happenings such as I have seen, let no one ever prate to me again of Humanity or Civilization. They will be mere words. In Siberia alone there are 250,000 prisoners. Where will they be by spring?

This diary of mine will probably not be read by any one except my dear wife, although the facts contained herein are open to any one. They may sound hysterical, but each night before going to bed I transcribe my notes, while I am still under the influence of what I have seen, and I challenge any one to see these sights and be able to write rationally. Last night, while on my way home, having gone through the train with Dr. Rosett, I was overcome by terrible sickness. What I had seen and heard I would have deemed lies if any one had told me of their occurrence. To-night I am sitting here writing them, hoping that the mere writing of the details may relieve me, so that I can once more think rationally and do earnest, conscientious work with the American Red Cross in Siberia for poor, stricken Russia.

This "train of death," for by that name all Eastern Siberia now knows it, left Samara approximately six weeks ago. Men of the Russian railroad service are stationed as far west as Manchuria Station, some twelve hundred miles west of here, through which the train must have passed at least three weeks ago. Since then it has passed through Hailar, Titsikar, Harbin, Moolime, going on and on like a thing accursed, through a land where its stricken passengers found little food and less pity.

We of the American Red Cross were sitting at ease in our barracks at Vladivostok when a telegram came signed by Colonel Arlow, "oldest of the 2,500 officers of the Austro-Hungarian Army." It read:

> We, two thousand five hundred officers, among them eight hundred invalids, prisoners of war in Siberia since 1914, were transported to Beresovka on the first November, 1918, bound to Vladivostok. Arrived here the twelfth of November. The Russian commander ordered us to move in the barracks of Nikolsk, but the Japanese commander refused the order. At present we are lodging in our railway cars on the open field. Since years we are suffering much and struggling with starvation, especially since the Russian revolution. We are in want of most necessary food, clothing, and money, the more because some of our comrades did not receive salaries from the Russian Government since several months. In the name of humanity we request the Red Cross society to take us under its protection or to forward our interests and help us to support by letting us do some usable work

That night, November 16, I packed my kit with a few necessities, and the next morning a man called "Shorty" and I grabbed a truck and went over to the Red Cross. While they were discussing the situation we got ten men and proceeded to the Swedish Consul's office where we got twenty-five hundred each of woollen shirts, drawers, padded quilts, padded overcoats, caps, padded trousers, gloves, and soap. We gathered a good store of relief materials and by dint of hard driving the train got loaded and away. Dr. Manget and Dr. Scudder, two of the leading physicians of the Commission, were assigned to it. After an endless journey we came to Nikolsk. We found that the Austrian officers were a "case by themselves." Bad enough to be sure, but only an item in this great picture of misery.

The death train was another and far more horrible matter. As I have said, it left Samara nearly two

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months ago in charge of some Russian officers. It had on board at that time twenty-one hundred prisoners of all sorts. They were apparently civil prisoners. Some were Bolsheviki, others had been released from the prison at Samara. Many of them said they were thrown into jail for being against the Bolsheviki at the time the Bolsheviki were in control; and when in the course of the fighting the Czechs and Russians occupied Samara, they simply cleaned out the whole jail, packed the prisoners into this train, and sent them out west Between that day and the day before yesterday, when we found this loathsome caravan in Nikolsk, eight hundred of these wretches had died from starvation, filth, and disease. In Siberia there is misery and death on every hand, on a scale that would appal the stoutest heart. There were, as near as we could count, thirteen hundred and twenty-five men, women, and children penned up in these awful cars yesterday. Since last night six have died. By and by they will all die if the train is permitted to go on in such conditions.

I cannot understand the reasoning of the Russian mind. There are millions of pounds of produce at Omsk, which cannot be moved for lack of rolling stock. It seems a wicked thing to say, but the thought has surely come to me that to kill these people painlessly would require perhaps three dollars' worth of poison or ten dollars' worth of ammunition; and yet for weeks this train of fifty cars has been wandering, driven on from station to station, every day a few more corpses being dragged out. Many of these people have been in box-cars for five weeks in their original clothing. There are from thirty-five to forty in a box-car, measuring say twenty-five feet by eleven, and the doors have seldom been open save to drag out the bodies of the dead, or some woman who might better be. I have been told that when they first started there were as many as sixty in many of the cars, but death has weeded them out. I have climbed into these cars at night with my flash light, I have gone into them in the early mornings and examined them. I have seen men with the death rattle in their throat, half naked, with lice and vermin visible on them; others just lying in a semi-unconscious stupor; and others with the whining grin of imbeciles, holding out their hands for a few cigarettes or kopecks, chuckling with glee like apes upon being given them.

Of anything like sanitary provision this train has nothing, and the accumulation of filth in which these people have lived and are dying is absolutely unspeakable. The Russian officer who was in charge of the train has made inconsistent statements about the reasons why these people have been subjected to such awful deprivation and abuse. He tries to make the best story of it possible They were supposed to have been fed regularly at the different stations along the route, but often for days at a time there has been no one to give them even bread. Were it not for the kindness of the poor villagers who, with tears running down their cheeks, men and women alike, give them what little they can afford, they would be absolutely without nourishment.

I have talked with a woman doctor who was doing Red Cross work with the Red Guards. She would have done the same work for any one. A highly educated, intellectual woman, forty years old. She has been on this train for weeks. I have talked to a girl under eighteen years of age, beautiful, refined, intellectual. She was formerly a typist and bookkeeper in the mayor's office at Samara. The opposition party got in, she applied for the same job and got it. Later the authorities heard of her former occupation and she was sentenced to six days in jail. She was taken in the great net. She has been on this train for weeks, and unless the Red Cross comes to her aid she will die on this train. All the clothing she has on is a filthy blouse and skirt, a sort of petticoat, a pair of stockings and shoes. No coat, in this fierce winter weather.

They were packed in, forty to a car, and the door was seldom opened except to take out the dead

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I have talked to a man who has not the brains left to know the difference between a Red Guard and one of any other color. His wife quarreled with another woman, who evidently lodged complaint. That night he was arrested in his home, accused of being a Red Guard. He has been in the box-car for five weeks. He will die within forty-eight hours. I have talked to a man who, going home from his work at night, stopped to see the reason of a street disturbance. The police arrested many in the crowd. He was among them. He will die on the train. I have talked to men who fled from villages at rumors of a German approach, men from the Volga district, discovered months afterward in inland villages without the necessary papers.

These stories cannot all be proven, but the men are dying. I have seen them die, and the following morning I have seen their bodies dragged out of the cars like so much rubbish. The living are indifferent, for they know that their turn will come next. Perhaps they envy those who are at rest. Dr. Scudder and Dr. Manget left for Vladivostok last night, and will do all they can to lay the case before the proper authorities. I have sent several telegrams, and Mr. J. N. Strong, of Peking, who arrived in Vladivostok less than twenty-four hours ago and was immediately sent up to help us, tells me that the boys there are working tooth and nail to cut the endless red tape which permits human beings to die while the prattle about liberty, justice, and humanity goes on.

If those in authority could see what I have seen they would cut it fast enough, but our hands are bound by "diplomacy." In the meantime we have fraternized with the Czech guards who themselves are sick of the job. Thank God we have so far succeeded in holding the train here. I don't know what has happened, but for some reason there is a different attitude displayed among the Russian officials to-day. They are once again beginning to feed the prisoners, and promise that they will wash out the cars and give these wretched people a chance for a little exercise. We have sent a hundred and thirty to the hospital to-day, and one way or another we are holding the train. That is the main thing. It should have begun going back toward Samara last night, but it has not gone and I do not think that the Russian train officials will dare to send it out with us on the spot all the time, opening the cars ourselves, talking to the prisoners, giving them what hope of help we can, and taking photographs every day. We are doing all this without authority, and in the face of this horror we don't care who cares.

It is impossible to tell in print the story of the unfortunate women who have been imprisoned here under these awful conditions. They are treated better than the men. You all know why. In

Refugees entering barracks at Vladivostok, which will be their winter home. In the circle is a type of Russian woman refugee

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Serbian refugees made their homes for months in this Russian railway train. A typical Russian refugee in the circle

one car are eleven women. We have sat with them and talked with them in a mixed jargon of French, Russian, and German. On the inside of the car hangs a piece of string. On it are four pairs of stockings owned by these eleven women. The floor is covered with refuse and filth. There are no means of cleaning it, neither brooms nor buckets. They have not taken off their clothes for weeks. In the centre of the car is a little wood stove, and there are pieces of wood and coal on the floor. All around the sides of the cars run two rows of planks, on which the inmates sleep at night and sit hunched up by day. If there ever is any official food for the prisoners these women get the first pick, and their physical condition is much better, since eleven of them have a car which would accommodate thirty-five men packed in as they are.

Two more days have now gone by. Since we arrived a cooking car has been put on the train, with a large iron kettle, and yesterday the guards claim to have given the prisoners a little soup. One kettle for thirteen hundred and twenty-five people, and soup passed through a window a foot by a foot and a half, by means of an old rusty can! Yesterday one of the women was taken out of one of the cars by a Russian officer. He will return her when the train pulls out. In this car is also an emaciated creature that was once a man. He was a journalist. His wife is in the same car. She has a very few days to live. When the men stand they fill the entire car. On the two rows of planks built along the sides, the dead and the living sleep as best they may. We were told by the guards this morning at half past eight that three men had died during the night and the bodies had been removed. As we walked past the train a man hailed us from one of the cars, and the guards were told that there were dead inside. We insisted on the door being opened and this is what we saw:

Lying right across the threshold was the body of a boy not over eighteen or nineteen years old. No coat, merely a thin shirt, in such tatters that his whole chest and arms were exposed, for trousers a piece of jute bag pinned around him, and no shoes or stockings. What agony that boy must have suffered in the Siberian cold before he died of filth, starvation, and exposure! And yet "diplomacy" prevents us from taking charge and giving aid. But we are holding the train!

WE CLIMBED into the car and found two other dead lying on the second tier of bunks amongst the living. Nearly every man in that car was sunken-eyed, gaunt, and half clad. They were racked by terrible coughing. They had the stamp of death on them. If aid does not come quickly they will die. We looked into a few cars only, but at one window we saw a little girl perhaps eleven years old. Her father, she said, had been mobilized into the Red Guard. So now father, mother, and child are on that train and will die there. Dr.

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Rosett is one of the most beautiful characters that I have ever known. When I saw him in the car talking to these poor wretches and trying to comfort them, I could not help thinking of the Good Physician and how He, too, labored among the maimed, the halt, and the blind.

We left the car at ten o'clock, as we had to attend to the distribution of some clothing for the Austrian officers. It is possible that our interference may have caused it or that something has happened in Vladivostok of which I know not, but as we were at work in the station we heard that the train prisoners were outside. We hurried out and found a ghastly procession of about forty-five droshkies, each carrying a load of three or four prisoners under a Cossack guard. We immediately got a droshky and had our driver take his place in about the middle of the line so that he might be a little less noticeable, and went along with the procession.

After going about four miles we drew up at the Government barracks hospital. There the prisoners were taken out and put on the ground, where they sat shivering, it being already 4:15 P.M. The Russian method was then adopted. About eight were taken at a time, had their hair cut, were given a *hot* bath, and then, with a pair of thin slippers on their feet and a kind of a bathrobe over them, they walked or staggered or were assisted to another building some hundred yards away where there were rusty iron cots, each with a filthy straw mattress and an equally filthy pillow. It showed, however, that the poor devils were to be allowed some little comfort as compared with their former condition. We elbowed our way past the guard and entered the building. The Cossack commander, with whom we became friendly, assured us that quilts were to be got. It was a little something, but I saw among these people many whom I know had not long to live. It is a strange thing that they all look at you with an expression sorrowful in the extreme, but never with a trace of bitterness. Suffering seems to have destroyed in them the power to express anger.

I have visited the train at least ten times already, and I have never as yet seen any expression of any kind pass over the faces of these poor, tortured, dumb creatures. When I went into the hospital last night, where fourteen were lying on the filthiest straw imaginable, three of them turned their dull eyes on me, recognized the Red Cross uniform, and got upon their poor worn knees. One of them, an old man of sixty, had a silver crucifix hanging around his neck. They sobbed soundless, body-racking sobs, and said in Russian, "May God and Jesus Christ bless you and keep you for what you have done for us." We felt absolutely repaid for all our work of these days, during which time I have not bathed or shaved, nor had my clothes off for I have dropped exhausted on my bed when I have finished transcribing my notes, and it was time to sleep.

IT IS the 22nd of November. This morning we got up at seven o'clock and left for the hospital where we had an appointment with Dr. Selesnieff, the military chief. When we arrived we found everything in a terrible condition—more than four hundred patients with only three doctors and three nurses. Two patients had died during the night, and the doctor had discovered nearly all the living to be suffering from diseases of different kinds, including two cases of typhus. We have since learned that a week of so ago two men were put off the train suffering from the same terrible scourge.

The hospital at the doctor's disposal consists of three or four small wooden buildings capable of holding perhaps two hundred persons at the most. When we arrived we found the patients lying, in some cases, three in a narrow cot, the corridors crowded with bodies outstretched on the cement floor, with one blanket to lie upon, a folded blanket for a pillow, and one blanket over them. To give an example, on one blanket twenty one feet long eighteen men were lying. In one room here, in which there should be twenty patients, there are crowded fifty-two in all. You can hardly walk through without stepping on them. The sights and the atmosphere are over-powering.

DR. SELESNIEFF gave us his official report of the conditions, setting forth, in corroboration of the stories that have been told to me, that during the weeks that the train had been moving to and fro, passengers had died daily from a variety of causes, including typhus, dysentery, influenza, and ordinary starvation.

"The people on the train have remained for weeks without warm food, without boiled water, and many even without bread. Owing to insufficient nutrition and to the extreme crowding, infectious diseases developed. In addition to these there are various skin diseases. I have not had time to tabulate the number of maladies with which these patients are afflicted, for the entire energy of the hospital is at present devoted to giving the patients baths, shaving them and cutting their hair, supplying them with clean linen, with tea, with food, and to finding room for them, for they arrive here in a continuous stream. According to the testimony of officers in charge of the train, the commandant of the station reports that he had orders to send the train back to the west, but I am sure that among the passengers there are still a number of people so sick and exhausted that further sojourn in these cars will prove fatal."

We are still holding the train by means of the cooperation of the Czech lieutenant, and in case of need he agrees he will put the engine out of order. Last night the station master showed us telegraphic instructions to the effect that the train positively must pull out at one A.M., but it is still here. In case they wire the lieutenant to obey his orders, he will wire back that there are obstructions in the way but that he is doing his best. In case all else fails, he will obey instructions, and the train will pull out. She will go say four miles and then she will stop. We are fighting by every means for a chance to save these pitiable lives. At the hospital to-day conditions are as bad as ever—four new deaths, three now dying, and new arrivals pouring in. There are now nearly seven hundred. They have had to requisition an old outbuilding and on its filthy floor, stretched out on straw without pillows, in one room forty-one by twelve feet, forty-two men are lying. Toilet arrangements are

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frightful, and beyond description even for Russia. It is all unspeakable. Dr. Manget arrived last night, advising us that General Graves had had a long conference with the Japanese and Russian commanders, both of whom had assured him they would do all in their power to coöperate, but this seems to mean very little.

We are still holding the train and have made arrangements with a Russian bath some three-quarters of a mile from here to wash all the prisoners to-morrow for four hundred and fifty roubles. They will start at six o'clock in the morning and walk to the bath, where sixty at a time will clean themselves. They should be through in ten hours, but it may take longer. Our car has arrived, and as each man goes in to the bath his infested underclothes will be taken from him and burned, and he will be given in exchange a pair of socks, a sweater, and a pair of pajamas. They will then be put into new cars. The authorities do not wish to furnish buckets; the law requires this, and the point will have to be fought out.

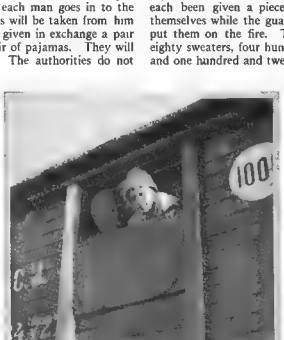
Young Russian women held prisoners by officers on the death train

At four o'clock in the morning of November 22. It is bitterly cold. There was a heavy snow storm last night. Strong left at five o'clock for the bathhouse so as to be ready, and Manget and Oleson slept in the box-car to be on hand when the first prisoners arrive. I am pretty nearly all in with a bad throat, so will not get up until it is time to relieve Strong at eight o'clock.

The start was not made until seven thirty, as Lieutenant Novack was unable to find the Red Cross cars, which had been shifted during the night.

Eight fifteen A. M. Here I am at the bath house, having just relieved Strong who is going home to breakfast. The baths are all ready and we are waiting for the first contingent. In the distance, against the snow, we can see a body of men advancing very, very slowly and with great difficulty. Many stumble as they walk and have to be supported by the other prisoners. There are in this party a hundred and twenty wretched people escorted by fifteen guards with loaded rifles, as though these poor devils had the strength to show fight or run, even though so minded. It is all they can do to walk.

The first sixty have gone in and now there is a fire burning in the yard where the disgusting clothes are burning. Inside, the unfortunates have each been given a piece of soap and are scrubbing themselves while the guards carry out the clothes and put them on the fire. The wagon has arrived with eighty sweaters, four hundred and fifty pairs of socks, and one hundred and twenty pajamas.



A transom in each car was the only means of ventilation

To-morrow when this train pulls out it will have nine hundred and twenty-five Red Crosses on it but I must still call it the "train of death." There is no use disguising the fact that these people are nearly all going to die, for as soon as the train shall have pulled out the old conditions will return and there will be once more the corpses thrown out day by day from each car.

November 23. To-day we leave for Vladivostok. We have done all that we could do. We have just learned that there are thirty additional cases of typhus in the hospital and heaven knows how many on the train. We have bought buckets and brooms for the cars, which will help a little.

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A meeting of the Red Cross women of Honolulu—in the Palace of Queen Liliuokalani

Later I came down from Nikolsk in a box-car with three American soldiers It was bitterly cold. We had no stove, but by alternately crouching together and then at times wrestling and mauling each other around we managed to keep fairly warm. We finally reached Vladivostok at about nine forty-five. I am hoping that I may be allowed to go out in Siberia with Dr. Rosett and hunt for other death trains. We may not have accomplished much, but we at least saved a couple of hundred lives—for a time, and the object lesson should count with the Russians.

OH, you dear, dear women of Honolulu. The first case that I opened came from you, and I read on the slip, "Hawaii Chapter." Inside were warm flannel pajamas beautifully made, each with a handkerchief in the pocket and a flannel Red Cross sewed on the coat. All the weary hours that you have spent during the last four years in dear Hawaii making these things day after day would seem as nothing to you if you had the privilege, as I have had, of seeing these garments, sewed and made by your loving hands, clothing the bodies of these poor emaciated wrecks in lieu of the foul rags that even now are burning. When they saw the Red Cross many of them broke down and wept and pointed to the Red Cross on my collar and hat

Mr. Bukely's prophesy that the death train would still be a death train was fulfilled. As it went on over the Trans-Siberian, first west then east, back and forth, driven from town to town, the miserable news of it kept filtering into Vladivostok. The official reports of the Red Cross Commission on December 9, said: "We had understood that the train of prisoners would be taken about ten miles from Nikolsk, on account of the unrest caused there by its presence, and would be held at this distance where we could keep closely in touch with developments." On December 6, however, Colonel Emerson, of the Russian Railway Service Corps, telegraphed from Harbin that the train, now with thirty-eight cars of prisoners, had left Titsikar for Chita. Thus we had first information that the so-called train of death was again on the road and was being taken into western Siberia. Colonel Emerson said that the American Consul at Harbin had asked the Russian general in charge of train movements on the Chinese Eastern Railway to hold the prison train at Buchedu. It was suggested in this telegram that if the train could be held and prisoners evacuated into the barracks occupied by the Japanese, sufficient food could be purchased in the vicinity to care for the sick until a relief train from Vladivostok could arrive. Another message on December 5th quoted officers of the Russian Railway Service Corps at Titsikar for Foveyordie and small points farther east, as stating that since the train had left Nikolsk, after the American Red Cross had cared for its people there, the hapless prisoners had fallen further victims to disease and privation. At Titsikar one hundred and twenty were reported dangerously ill and fifteen had died since leaving Nikolsk. The Russian convoy had fifteen ill. Conditions inside and outside the cars were indescribable and the convoy was in not much better shape than the prisoners. The cars averaged thirty-two to thirty-three persons each Colonel Emerson's telegram gave in detail the conditions in each car, which for suffering and horror rivaled the situation of the train when it reached Nikolsk and we gave it attention there. The local railroad men had started a fund for food relief at Harbin and local Americans were taking part in this work. Colonel Emerson said these people needed immediate help if they were not all to perish.

The officers in charge of the train received a telegram not to unload any of the prisoners within the border of Manchuria but to take them to Chita, and at Harbin the officers were informed that the sick would be taken care of in the hospital at Foveyordie,

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which is twelve versts (about eight miles) west of Harbin. This was merely a hoax to get the train out of Harbin, as the Foveyordie hospital was inadequate to accommodate them and would not accept them. The officers in charge of the train were absolutely at a loss what to do next, and were merely going on from point to point.

The Siberian Commission immediately wired out, asking if it would be possible to hold the train at some point in Manchuria and evacuate the people into a hospital. This was considered by the Medical Bureau as absolutely the only way to handle the situation, particularly since it was believed certain that the train constituted a typhus menace. We had hopes of getting some relief work started, but our next information was that the train had gone west beyond Chita.

Thus it is evident that thirty-eight cars of prisoners are being moved slowly from point to point, while the list of dead and dying grows appallingly. This is a graphic illustration of some of the conditions in Siberia.

Another week. The Commission's report on the 16th of December said, "The chapters of tragic incidents in connection with the death train, first heard of at Nikolsk and there handled by the Red Cross, are growing weekly. As reported last week this train was headed on toward Chita, and the Red Cross was endeavoring to have it stopped at some point where the dying inmates could be evacuated for hospital treatment, and thus play a humane part as well as possibly prevent epidemic disease. It now appears that after rolling toward the west this train has again been turned and headed toward Vladivostok. On December 10th it was reported to the Army Intelligence Department that the train had passed Manchuria Station on December 7th en route to Chita, and that while at Manchuria Station the prisoners had received substantial aid. The local Americans of the Army and the Russian Railway Service provided food for one day, and the Japanese general was able to furnish further relief. Medical attention and food were given at this point and the train then went on toward Chita.

"Three days later another telegram came in showing that the train had been turned back from the west and was probably in the vicinity of Titsikar in the middle of Manchuria on the Chinese Eastern Railway. Again an effort is being made to have it stopped and its inmates given hospital attention. The situation is, of course, that the train is simply being passed from point to point, the authorities at each place refusing to allow the prisoners to be taken out of the train or the train to remain within its jurisdiction."

On and on, days and nights, weeks running into months the wretched company ever dwindling as death takes its cruel and incessant toll.

WHITE IRIS

By Bliss Carman

WHITE Iris was a princess
In a kingdom long ago,
Mysterious as moonlight
And silent as the snow.

She drew the world in wonder
And swayed it with desire,
Ere Babylon was builded
Or a stone laid in Tyre.

Yet here within my garden,
Her loveliness appears
Undimmed by any sorrow
Of all the tragic years.

How kind that earth should treasure
So beautiful a thing—
All mystical enchantment,
To stay our hearts in spring.

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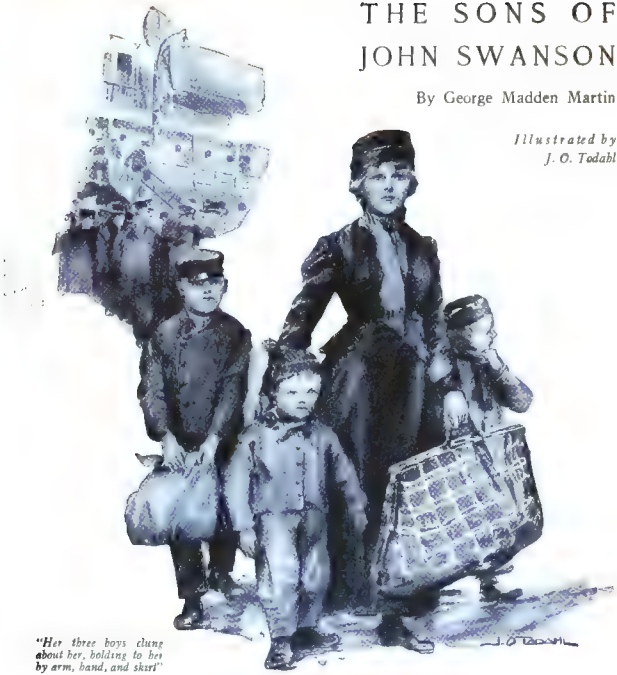
THE SONS OF JOHN SWANSON

By George Madden Martin

Illustrated by J. O. Todahl



"Her three boys clung about her, holding to her by arm, hand, and skirt"

THE big man in the blue coat and the brass buttons of a petty officer brought with him a sense of wide spaces. From a square face, a pair of keen eyes looked about him from between narrowed lids

The size of the man seemed to disconcert him He sat down gingerly, but even so the chair creaked. Putting his cap on the floor beside him, he placed his hands on either blue-clad knee and looked at Mary Horne.

"Oh, well," said John Swanson, Chief Boatswain's Mate, Mine-Sweeping Division, United States Naval Reserve, "I called here to-day—just compelled to. Financial trouble brings me. This is my last place that I know of to turn to. I heard from a mate over at Tompkinsville that you advise with soldiers and sailors in trouble and I came my first opportunity to get away. The mine-sweepers are out all the time, ma'am, and a man can get shore-leave very little "

He picked up his cap with its visor and gold anchor, turning it in his great hands.

"I shall ask you a straight question, ma'am. You be an American citizen?"

Mary Horne nodded, a brisk young woman, as widely

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known as the powerful name of a powerful father carries the daughter, smiling as her mind ran back along the lines of her descent to those forebears who made a home from the wilderness even for this same Mary Horne, the child of their inheritance.

"Then I shall ask you one more straight question, ma'am. I shall ask you if it is tolerable that one man, Kaiser or Ludendorff, one will-power in any country on the earth, should break up the happiness of the million little families? Families that are so busy with living and trying to do their best they oftentimes did not know what was going on in the world around them until this war breaks up their happiness?"

The big man stopped, breathing hard, recovered himself and resumed. "Maybe, ma'am, my story is not so short nor my English so good, that you can give me the time to listen?"

Mary Horne spoke sincerely. "But if you have made me want to hear your story?"

"I thank you, ma'am. I am an American citizen, my first papers having been taken out in 1912. I hold a mate's license, Swedish, but when the United States went into war, I enlisted in the navy. As an American citizen I give my best as I know how. I ask you, is it so easy for a man to find how to be the best citizen right away so quick in a country of different language and customs? If you think about this I say you will consider the newcomer does pretty well on the whole? Yes?"

The big Swede's smile as he looked at Mary was very sweet. "Shall I tell you why? Because he has come to America to be an American through no person's will but just his own!"

He leaned back and, having regarded Mary triumphantly, returned to his story, a great forefinger pointing off his words upon the palm of the other hand

"I came to America six years ago. My three sons were John, five years old, Gustav, three years old, and Oscar, one year. Also was my wife, twenty-three years old, a very pretty woman, miss. I love to tell you how pretty is my wife, Gerda, but troubled to leave her father, Jens Gerling, a fisherman living on the island of Gottland, Sweden, in the Baltic Sea. Jens Gerling owned his own boat which made him just a little big in his own mind over his neighbors and for this reason he would not come with us to America. My wife's mother was dead."

"What brought you and your wife from Sweden to America?"

"What brought me from that island in the Baltic with my family? The hope, ma'am, that my sons should find in America the life their father never had. I came that my sons shall not work so hard just to live and no more that their courage is worn out while they are yet young boys. I went out with the men in the fishing fleets when I was twelve years old, nor had any further young life nor any schooling from that day."

THE person of the petty officer, late a Swedish fisherman, in blue coat, white shirt, and black tie, leaned forward again, three chevrons in scarlet showing upon the right sleeve below crossed anchors and an eagle in white. This time the man's smile, in addition to its sweetness, was a bit roguish.

"There do be a claim in my family of Swanson, coming from Visby, on the west coast of the island of Gottland, that one Olaf Swanson, in ten hundred and some year, sailed across the uncharted western seas to the land which is now called America."

The smile now was openly roguish. "So, maybe, miss, I shall say to you that I came to make claim for my sons to a foot-hold on the land that Olaf Swanson, their forefather, discovered?"

He shook his big blonde head, grave once more. "For myself, I came too late. Take but the one thing that I never shall speak the English tongue very good. I used my courage up when I was young. I am not talking too much of my affairs, and too long, miss?"

"No."

"Then I will say more how I feel about it. I ask you if it would not mean more protection for governments than all the standing armies in the world if we would teach every little family, rich or poor, that the world is no safer than the sum of its miseries, and no happier than the sum of its poverty? Every family would look to it then that no boy of twelve, whoever or whatever he be, labors by the side of grown men for the food it takes to keep him alive. I brought my sons to America that they should have children's rights to be children until their tender years are through with. I don't know that I ever laughed for just happiness as a boy, miss, after I was twelve years old. I came to America that my three sons should laugh while they are young I say I *came* for that!"

MARY HORNE, feeling the change in the man's voice, looked up. The vein in the big forehead beneath the up-standing flaxen hair was swollen and throbbing. The fist resting on the knee had clenched

"Four years ago in June, when we had been settled here in New York for two years, my wife's father, Jens Gerling, in Gottland, came down with a sickness, and wrote that he must see his only child again before he died. I follow the sea in America, also, miss, at that time being mate on a coast steamer bringing fruit from Yucatan, so if my wife went she had to take the boys, now seven, five, and three. It required my savings for those two years, but my wife felt she had to go. You follow what happened? I have not seen my wife and my sons since; I lose four years out of the life of that little family that I love

"My wife's father was a long and a sorrowful time in the going, it often being so when the body is paralyzed. He lay on his bed by the window begging that she will not leave him till he dies She writes to me that she has to stay.

"A little house, it is, Jens Gerling's, on the east coast of Gottland, close upon the shore of the sea. In the summertime the boat comes in once a week with the mail, in the wintertime not at all. My wife's father had sold his boat to add to his very little savings before she got there. My wife and my sons got to Gottland in July, 1914. I ask you to remember what happened in August?"

"Germany opened war upon an unprepared world."

"My wife's father could not live, and seems too he could not die. It is necessary that I here in America stay at my job as mate that I may send them money.

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When in eleven months that poor man, helpless as a baby, dies, the Baltic, the centre of mine and submarine business, is become the terror of the little boats, and my wife is trapped on that island and cannot get away. I tried to get me a passport to go to Gottland, but on account of my foreign birth it is refused to me. For the same reason I failed when I tried to ship as a common sailor to Sweden. I come to my trouble now, ma'am, for the which I need the help of some one."

"Yes?"

"This is so dear a little family to me, and things are very bad over there, not only with my wife and my sons, every creature left on that island being in need. From the start of the war the boats of the fishing fleets were seized or were sunk, and the situation early was grave. For two years I sent money to my wife each month, sometimes she getting it, sometimes not. Here, miss, is a paper from my commanding officer at Staten Island, testifying to me since I entered the navy. He states that I made an allotment to my wife of $30 a month, to which the Government adds $37.50. My wife should have received $67.50 a month now for fourteen months. My last letter from her came in July. It was written to me in May. For one year my wife has had no money from me, from the Government, or from anybody. Cut off from the world, all the able-bodied men of the island are gone. My son John is eleven years old. My wife says that for one year he has gone out at daylight to get food for the island families with the old men in the few leaky boats remaining. Like it was with his father it is with him, only worse. What chances my wife has had to get to the main land and come home she could not take for she had no money."

The big man struck his knee with that fist. "When I got that letter in July, I had twenty dollars at hand. I cabled this to my wife, six dollars of it going for the cable. Messages to Sweden are under suspicion by the Allies; I do not know or not if my cable went through."

He brought out another paper. "I wrote to the War Risk Insurance Bureau at Washington. Two days ago I got this answer, since when I have spent my thought and my time with the help of everybody I know to meet the conditions put to me, at the last coming to you."

He read from the second paper slowly. "On March 1st, a check for $476.00, seven months' accumulated allotment and allowance, was sent to Mrs. John Swanson, Gottland, Sweden. This check, unlike the monthly ones which come back unclaimed, has never been returned. From the statement made by Mrs. Swanson in her letter which you send to us, it is evident this check has not reached her, owing to the exigencies of war, or its loss on some torpedoed ship. At the request of your commanding officer, the War Risk Insurance Bureau

"From the start of the war the boats of the fishing fleet were seized or sunk"

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will issue another check covering this amount, and the succeeding amounts due Mrs. Swanson up to this present date, August 30, 1918, stopping payment on all preceding checks, if you or any of the war relief organizations can assure the Bureau they can get this check through to Mrs. John Swanson in Gottland, Sweden."

Mary Horne arose, the blood of her forebears in her. Mary's fortune, apart from anything she might receive from her father, was in seven figures, never mind how made, since that forefather might not have approved who, in the establishing of the republic, contributed the phrase "that labor may be lightly burdened."

Perhaps John Swanson, without knowing it, had given something to Mary, whose cheeks were brilliant and her eyes resolute. "We will get this money to Mrs. Swanson and your sons, Mr. Swanson, or the foreign department in one of the largest banks in New York City will have to explain why."

"'Financial trouble brings me,' said John Swanson. 'This is my last place I know of to turn to'"

Oh, the red tape, and the cruel days passing; but Mary Horne and Mr. Sadler of the foreign department of the bank did it.

Chief Boatswain's Mate Swanson, before the day of the final consummation, having had all the leave and more coming to him, Mary wrote him in the care of his commanding officer.

"We have arranged with Washington, through Mr. Sadler, to cable Mrs. Swanson to-day, September 18th, care of the Red Cross representative in Stockholm, Sweden, nine hundred and forty-five dollars, less the cost of transmitting. The same to be gotten to her by the Red Cross representative, this official to ascertain whether or not she has received any previous United States Government checks, and to cable a reply to the New York bank. The cost of this is $75.94, of which $25.94 is included in the cost of the words, at thirty-eight cents a word, the balance in the transmission of the money. Mr. Sadler at the same time is sending an explanation to the censor so the cable will be permitted to go through."

On the sixth day of December, Mrs. Swanson and her three boys, eleven, nine, and five years old, arrived at North River, New York City.

Mary Horne was there to meet them; John Swanson was not. He was on a mine-sweeper loaded with steel billets to insure its deeper draught, an ocean David running before the bow of an ocean giant, the *George Washington*, carrying a President of the United States to proclaim a creed founded on the faith of the Republic's fathers that war is the sink and sewer of injustices, and that the moral conduct of the world rests on truth, justice, and the freedom of all peoples. One likes to think of a possible phantom ship leading the cortège, craft of a by-gone day, one Olaf Swanson, Norseman mariner, at the high, sharp prow!

Mrs. John Swanson, in a blue suit and plaid coat, showed that she had been indeed a very pretty woman; but to-day, the blue eyes gazing from a gaunt face that should have been but was no longer young, seemed to speak dumbly of sorrow and fearful sights, sufferings, and battling woes.

Her three boys clung about her, holding to her by arm, hand, and skirt, yellow-haired little chaps with blonde skins and blue eyes. They straight-gazed with a terrible gravity —these three lads, eleven, nine, and five—in nondescript clothes and sailor caps, as though a too great knowledge of dire things had forever sobered their souls.

In the succeeding days of Mrs. Swanson's intercourse and friendship with Mary Horne, wherein Mary helped her find a flat near a public school and settle herself with her small possessions taken from storage, Mrs. Swanson spoke of her experiences only once.

"There was not an able-bodied man, not a boy over sixteen, left on my side of the island."

Mary Horne did not quite grasp Mrs. Swanson's meaning.

"Gone away?"

"Dead, sunk with their boats by the submarines, blown up by the mines, or missing. In the last year, I myself and my boys dug graves and buried five bodies near our little house, strange fishermen washed up on our shore by the seas."

John Swanson arrived at home for Christmas and he and Mary Horne, on meeting, shook hands.

"I shall ask you now, miss, still another straight question. Will you, who are so kind, and also are an American, from time to time advise with me, who must be away from home so much, how to make proper citizens of my sons? But before that, I shall ask you another question: How shall I bring the laughter of little children back to my sons' eyes?"

Mary Horne, to her own amazement, burst out crying.

John Swanson was appalled and concerned.

"But it is all over now, miss. And I ask you if it shall ever be so again—that one man, one will, or one people, shall have the power to break up the happiness of the million little families like my own?"

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Lieutenant Worthington's plane over Mississippi, showing bayou country near the Gulf

PLOTTING the

By Henry

WHAT of aviation after the war? There is a tremendous amount of knowledge all in hand ready for the airplanes of peace. Technical knowledge of the plane and of the air has been increased a thousand fold. Now we must

TO AN air pilot on a cross-country flight an air map is more than a guide. It is a chart that, by big outstanding landmarks, shows the straight course and points to safe landings. Landmarks and landing fields save time in flying—the one in distance, the other by eliminating crashes with consequent loss of planes and often lives. Landmarks from the sky have to be big. They must loom! By their outline, color, or size they must give the location instantly to the anxious pilot shooting down out of the clouds, and point the way to the nearest landing field. Air maps of this kind are not, as many believe, a continuous picture of the ground underneath as the plane flies along. Such a film would show too much detail for the air pilot and be too expensive to make. On a 4,500 mile trans-continental flight for instance, at 5,000 feet elevation, with a 6 x 6 camera, more than 12,000 exposures would be required. Neither do air maps resemble the highly colored maps that hang on the wall. They are strips of the big map worked out in detail on a roll attached to the instrument board in front of the pilot. As they unwind they show a string of cities, mountains, rivers, oil tanks, railroads, race tracks, and particularly objects which, from the air, form sharp and distinct figures.

Pilots say that race tracks and symmetrical parkways make the most conspicuous landmarks. Their outlines may be seen at great distances. Cities, on account of the smoke which usually hangs over them, are apt to be indistinct or missed entirely. Isolated mountains or serrated ranges are more easily seen than cities, and rivers show stronger than either. Highways are distinguished easily only when the soil is of white clay or limestone. Eastern railroads show up more plainly than do those of the West (except in desert sand) because eastern roads burn coal and the road bed is generally of cinders, while many of the roads in the West use oil for fuel and soil for their road beds.

Cities have a distinct individuality. There are white, gray, brown, and red cities, round, square, and oblong cities. All these facts find their way to the air map; and in order to check up, pilots on cross-country flights frequently come down close enough to read the names on railroad station sign boards. Knowing this, many cities on the air routes have laid down large, white numerals or letters in parks, race tracks, or plazas which may easily be seen from the sky and which indicate to the pilot the name of the town.

In the West the towns are using ground symbols resembling cattle brands. Pilots far up in the sky will see a town under them that may seem familiar in its outlines, but that "Bar Three" or "Diamond" or "101," flat on the ground in white, settles any doubt as to the town's identity.

During the past winter Army planes from all the training fields of the South have been flying in radial lines from their airdromes locating landmarks and landing fields, photographing them, collecting data on mileage, compass courses, and air currents; all of which, as fast as it is collected, is being sent to Washington where it is analyzed and tabulated; and the air lanes thus created are hooked to each other on the Air Service map of the U. S. A. like blocks in a jig-saw puzzle. Next summer this work will be extended to the Northern states. Already two great south trans-continental routes have begun to assume shape, notably the San Diego-Jacksonville route and with it the Jacksonville-Washington-New York route, which together were mapped by a squadron of four planes that practically blazed a trail in the air from ocean to ocean.

It took this squadron, in elapsed time, thirty-two days to cover the distance; actually the planes were in the air only fifty-five hours. Extremely bad weather,

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AIR LANES

Jay Case

obtain more detail from cross-country flying. Here is the story of a trip from San Diego to New York, made for the purpose of gathering information of air currents and prevailing winds, of landmarks, and of safe fields for landing places.

bartering for oil and gasolene, and encouraging citizens to build landing fields consumed most of the time; and after overcoming all obstacles, flying 4,500 miles, and landing his squadron safe and sound in New York, Major Albert D. Smith, in command of this flight, took the "flu" in a Broadway trolley car and was promptly put to bed; otherwise, he would be writing this tale himself. It is just as "Al" Pyle, one of the Major's pilots said, "This here flying is all right, only you have to keep coming down most of the time for oil and gas and 'flu' and things."

Pyle is a prairie product and a graduate of the University of Kansas. He is more than six feet tall, brown as an Indian, and good to look at. This young Oklahoma giant was plowing the ground and raising stock before he won his wings and was detailed by the Army to teach flying cadets how to "stunt." Lieutenant Robert S. Worthington, second in command, an engineer and a graduate of Leland Stanford, was running surveys and shooting oil wells before he got into the Air Service. Major James H. McKee, the flight surgeon, is a member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, but the only professional duty that fell to his lot during the whole flight was patching up torn wing surfaces with adhesive tape. Lieutenant H. D. McLean, the other pilot and a North Carolinian, came up from the ranks in the Signal Corps; Lieutenant John W. Evans was the photographer, Sergeants R. P. Blanton and Wm. G. Lewis, master electricians, were originally automobile mechanics and repair men.

Major Smith was not a tenderfoot to the hazards of a cross-country flight of these dimensions. For the first two or three days out he knew he had hundreds of miles over mountains and deserts, and that a forced landing there meant loss of planes if not of life. He went about preparing for this flight as carefully as though he were going over the German lines. The ordinary maps he used showed railroads, rivers, cities, and in addition located most of the mountain ranges and gave the height of the principal peaks.

He also devised a set of emergency signals by which communications could be had from ground to the air. Then he and his pilots practiced emergency landings. In these rehearsals Major Smith would be the first down, flying in low circles within a few feet of the ground to locate every ditch, wire, or other obstacle that might crack up a plane. When satisfied of his ground he came to earth, climbed out of his cock pit and by laying on the ground two white strips of cloth, each six feet by one, gave his commands to the planes above. If laid in the form of a "T" the strips indicated that the other planes were to follow him down and land on the "T" where he placed it. If placed in the form of an angle "V" they meant that the "trouble shooter" (mechanic) was wanted in a hurry. If cross-wise, in an "X", that the flight surgeon was to come down fast regardless of landing conditions. If in two parallel lines it meant that there had been a crash, the plane had been destroyed, there was no use of landing, and to "go on."

A striking picture of Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty taken from an airplane

The start for El Paso was made late in the afternoon of December 4th, the sun having already begun to drop into the Pacific. There was plenty of afternoon light left in the upper strata from where the planes might see leagues and leagues in that clear air, and where, after getting well over the highest mountain peak, the flight commander could, by looking over his shoulder, see far down behind him the smoke and blur of San Diego. In the foreground to his right he could see Laguna Salado; to his left the Salton Sea, big and wide ever since the Colorado flooded its banks several years ago. Between these two in a straight line ahead, somewhere beyond the desert, lay Calexico, his first stop.

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The Capitol at Washington with the Congressional Library in the background and the House Office Building on the right, taken from an airplane 3,000 feet high

The log of one of the pilots on the start reads: "Circled the field and climbed to 5,000 feet, where we got into formation and headed for the mountains. Kept climbing as we neared the foothills and soon had 9,000 feet altitude The mountains were not snow clad except in a few places. The coloring was beautiful —browns, deep purples, and blues. We crossed a coast range and the Superstition Mountains. Not so many years ago burro trains, packed with miners' supplies, took weeks to make this passage. We are making it in less than an hour. Looking down we can count all the trails at a glance. We can see the water holes, some with stockades built around them. We can see deep down into the cañons. They are dark slits in the yellow terrain for miles. Forty minutes gone; we are coming out on the desert and following mile after mile over flat sand and rolling sand dunes. Crossing the desert we run into fog and drifting mist. Here one of the planes disappears from the formation. We try to locate him but, lest another should become separated and the squadron become further reduced, we push on. In an hour from the start we are over Calexico. The mountain shadows are shutting off the light. There is a mob of people under us but a very small field."

Right here it may be said that all the practice plans for landing went awry. In response to Smith's wire notifying the town he was coming and asking for the marking of a field, the citizens had turned out *en masse*. Automobiles, buggies, saddle animals, men, women, and children were there awaiting the flyers, grouped around a square that from the air looked the size of a band stand. Calexico was there with everything but the field and, to make things more exciting, the stick of Lieutentant Pyle's plane went dead and a second later that of Lieutenant Worthington. Both were directly over the crowd with no place to come down but on the miniature field. So they landed, willy-nilly, dropping unceremoniously ahead of their commanding officer. They hit the ground simultaneously from different directions and at right angles, a collision being avoided only by the skill of the pilots. Pyle never touched the field, but went over an irrigation ditch, through a fence, and into a patch of alfalfa. Worthington struck the landing field all right but rolled over it, missing the crowd on the edge and landing in a shower of white as his plane mowed down a field of blooming cotton. After them went the populace, helter skelter, eager to feel of the pilots, not giving a thought to the planes over their heads and rapidly settling on them. All got down safely, however. Nobody was hurt and the welcome was prodigious!

With a head wind against them the planes made the next day for Phoenix, 250 miles away, reaching it in less than four hours, flying a compass course straight across country to Yuma, passing over one edge of the California desert and the adjoining mountains to Gila Bend.

The entry on one of their logs reads: "The picture under us is Big Art. Still in the mountains' purple, great splashes of green and white are beginning to show. Must be alfalfa and the long staple white cotton we've heard about. Much color, big proportions; this is the desert turned into a garden by the Roosevelt Dam;

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a drab frontier town changed over night into a modern city, pavements, brick houses, and trolley cars. Another mob of people under us. A big day in town. We're nosing down."

A regular formation landing was made here, headed by the Major, with signals and everything. The landing field wasn't the most perfect, but it was half the interior of a one-mile track on the Fair Grounds and the planes all fetched up against the board fence. This fence the citizens the next day obligingly took down and filled in a ditch to give the flyers a straight-away taxi of 1,000 yards for a take-off.

At Tucson, which was the next stop, the citizens, in response to a wire from the squadron, had gone out on the prairie, laid out a field 3,000 feet by 1,000, scraped and rolled it, brought out oil and gas and turned out the band. Major Smith came into this town by compass course, through the passes and over the high ranges of the Sierra Nevadas.

Shaping air courses by compass, however, does not mean that this instrument is used in the air as navigators use it at sea. The navigator of a deep sea ship checks up his course by solar observation. Some day the pilot of a cross-country flight will do the same. It is even not at all improbable that a wireless device will soon be perfected that will give him his location from the ground. At the present time, however, the air pilot has to check his compass course by sighting on the land marks under him. This check-up is necessary because of the drift of a plane.

Drift is one of the unsolved problems in flying. It is exactly what the name indicates. With the wind dead behind a plane, the drift is negligible; quartering, it draws or pulls the plane off its compass course in a surprising manner. Even with wind favorable at the start there is no way of telling how long it will hold in that quarter, and if it is not closely watched by the pilot it may so change as to pull him miles off his course and lose him completely. Instruments are provided to tell the pilot how much to vary from his true course in order to make up for this drift, but here again, in order to use them, the pilot must keep his eye on the earth. So he cannot shape his course by compass alone. Nor can he stay long out of sight of the earth.

There were times when the San Diego squadron had beautiful clear air above the clouds. Through the fleecy screen overhead this clear upper air could be seen, but the commander would not leave sight of the earth to get in it. He knew that, instead of just a stratum of these fleecy white clouds, he might suddenly run into a thick blanket of them which oftentimes extend all the way from the earth to the "ceiling" (the limit of any plane's climbing ability). These blankets are to be avoided at all times. Therefore, when the cloud formations looked solid Major Smith stayed under them; if "speckled" he went above them and took his sights of the earth through the openings as he passed. No one plane was allowed to go off on a hunt for good flying. They all kept practically at the same level. If one dropped (and this only happened with engine trouble) they all dropped; otherwise, they followed the plane of the commander.

One of the hazards in cloud flying, particularly in mountain country, is the possibility of peaks here and there rearing their heads just far enough into the clouds to make them indistinguishable from cloud heads. A sure and disastrous crash would follow if the pilot mistook it for a cloud! Then there was the occasional motor troubles. Though none of the officers will admit it, nevertheless it is a fact that several times when the engines began to miss, the mechanicians climbed out on the wings and worked on the motors while the planes were 4,000 feet in the air.

A cross-country plane flying before a storm and seeking a safe landing

The winds through this cloud and mountain country around Tucson were illusive, especially that west wind which, it was hoped, would assist the fliers. The pilots climbed to 12,000 feet trying in vain to find the friendly west wind. Instead they got into air "bumps" and had a

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hard day of it. These "bumps," according to the notes of one pilot, "hit as hard as a baseball bat." They likened it to riding bucking broncos, and put this section of the air route down as the roughest flying on the whole trip. The landing that day was made on the west side of the town of Deming.

Going at a rate of 135 miles an hour with the wind behind them, they reached El Paso by noon the next day. It must have been very clear air for their records note all the mountains over which they came, also the mountain passes. They flew by compass on this entire leg, checking up their drift by extinct volcanoes whose craters (marked on their maps) looked to them like horse-shoes and which stood out sharp and clear against the color of the plains.

EL PASO was the end of the flight, as ordered. The planes had come safely through except that one lost in the fog on the first day out. Major Smith wired for authority to come on east to the Atlantic. He received an O.K. Without delay they started on December 10th down the Rio Grande country for eastern Texas. By that night the squadron was at Shumla, 420 miles away, having stopped at Marfa on account of engine trouble.

From the coast to well beyond Marfa the planes had been in mountain country. The pilots had become expert in running their days' flights up and down mountain ranges, shooting through passes and valleys, turning this peak and that, much as a cruising yacht finds a buoy along a treacherous coast. They located their mountain ranges and peaks by means of their hand maps and altimeters. At good elevation they would run down a range until they came to some pinnacle whose top was well on a line with them. If their altitude by their altimeters showed them to be at 8,000 feet and this particular rock was supposed to be 8,000 feet high, that was the particular summit they were looking for and they shaped their course accordingly. Not once did they make an error. These sentinels, which had done similar duty for the Indians, trappers, prospectors, engineers, and soldiers in the pioneer days, were now the landmarks for civilization's latest wonder, the flying machine. On their right for practically the entire distance was the Rio Grande.

"This river," reads Lieutenant Worthington's notes, "stands out distinctly. It cuts deeply into sombre country which most of the way is a desert of brush and palms, the stream flowing through wide, sandy bottoms between vertical banks. The river itself is a bright yellow, its banks green, while the tributary streams entering it leave their trace in its current for many miles, some deep blue, others green, and some different shades of yellow. When the sun is shining at an angle it accentuates the shaded bluffs. The land adjoining, laid down in horizontal strata, alternately white sand and dark clay, has been uplifted and eroded and from the air gives the appearance of a contour map, the white sand showing up like lines of elevation and marking clearly the alternating valleys and hills."

On the 13th the squadron pressed on to Houston in bad weather, the rain stinging the pilots "like so much shot thrown in your face." But at Ellington Field, however, the squadron landed and, in a foot of water, took off the next morning for Baton Rouge, stopping at Opelousas for oil and gas. From Opelousas the pilots headed more to the north and very quickly got into clouds and fog. So thick was the fog formation under them that they shot high over and across the Mississippi River without knowing it. One of the mechanics, pointing down through a hole in the clouds at the "Great Father of Waters," asked if it wasn't the Mississippi.

"No," answered the pilot, "it's just some pond!"

Shades of De Soto and his *voyageurs!* So much depends on whether you are on the earth or 5,000 feet above it!

New Orleans was the most beautiful city seen from the sky. As an air picture it had a distinction all its own in color, size, and design. Lying in one of the ox-bows of the Mississippi, with its unusual outline, its raised cemeteries with their white tombstones, its diagonal avenues and white houses, the city looked like a pattern in lace set upon a cloth of green.

Now, half way across from San Diego, these western fliers had seen the terrain of the country unroll beneath them in a panoramic strip some 1,800 miles long and 200 miles wide. They had studied it, mapped it, and photographed it, sometimes at 300 and sometimes at 12,000 feet elevation. They took the Coast Range, Sierra Nevadas, California desert, and the foot hills of the Rockies in two jumps; hurdled the cotton and alfalfa fields of Texas in another, followed down the Rio Grande and crossed the Mississippi in a few more. But their jumps were getting shorter and shorter. They were approaching the buffer states that separated the cold air of the North from the warmer South, and this weather was slowing them up. It took twice as long to get east from the Mississippi as it did to reach it from the Pacific. The air was not so clear. Rain was more frequent. All this reacted on the engines.

Major Smith one day used a piece of a barn door to strengthen his wing blade and Lieutenant Pyle fashioned a new entering edge out of a broom stick. Running into colder weather as they got farther north, their engines began to freeze at night, since there were no hangars to protect them. The crews spent hours in the morning thawing out the radiators with hot water heated in tea kettles purchased at a country cross-road store. The flying game was not a mystery or a romance to them. It was a very matter-of-fact sort of thing and whether mountains or deserts, rain or sunshine, they took it all as part of the day's work.

ON the 18th they reached Americus, Georgia, 200 miles short of the Atlantic; here they waited four days. On the 22nd, with the weather still thick, they took the air again and, flying as low as 300 feet and never higher than 500 feet, headed for Jacksonville, following the railroad tracks, sometimes in and out among the trees, and sometimes skimming the tops. Startled by the roar of the motors, cabin after cabin was emptied of Negroes as the planes proceeded, the occupants screaming with excitement as they ran for the cover of the bushes. That night the planes landed at the military camp just outside of the city. They had reached the Atlantic.

Before starting north to New York, the squadron covered the length of Florida. To the members of the

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How the lower part of New York looks to an aviator flying up the East River, the Woolworth Building looming high in the centre

party the big things that stood out distinctly on this flight were the wide, hard, and smooth beaches of the Atlantic, which gave the pilots a perfect landing field all the way; the Everglades, with the beautiful colors of the myriad of lakes set deep within this great swamp; the flocks of cranes that rose whooping to meet them; and the outlines of the old fort at St. Augustine.

At Kissimmee, a little hamlet down near the edge of the Big Cypress, the pilots dropped on a perfect field. Here a cabin with a sign on the door directed aviators to get the key from the neighbor across the road. Inside were oil and gas and a book to sign for what was taken. This simple and effective arrangement found here in the woods has been passed on across the continent as a suggestion for large cities to follow.

The West was far more alive to the possibilities of the plane than the East. Out there cities and towns showed a healthy rivalry in offering attractions to get on the new air routes. City fathers were as keen to have their towns located by the Government as their forebears had been in getting for their settlements a station on the first transcontinental railroad. At one of the first golf links in the East, where the Rockwell Field flyers landed for repairs, a foursome was just playing its third hole. The players ran up to the pilots but, instead of the expected greeting, asked them to move their planes to one side as they were in the way of the next shot! They were more interested in the 3,000 yards of fair green over which they had played than the 3,000 air miles just completed by the pilots.

Christmas was spent at Arcadia, the squadron leaving on the 27th and going north to Savannah by way of Daytona. This was the only course in which the compass was not used. The pilots followed the forest all the way. Savannah, from the air, at this time of the year was a gray city, dull and uninteresting; but the Savannah River at flood was a golden stream running into the blue of the Atlantic as far as the eye could see. The big feature of Washington, from the sky, is not the Monument. Washington shows as a white city, but standing out clear and distinct above everything else is the dome of the Capitol and the circles and angles made by the walks and drives in the park around it.

Major Smith left Washington on the 7th and landed his squadron at Hazelhurst Field, several miles beyond New York City, that evening. In passing, Philadelphia looked a red city, this impression being given by its blocks and blocks of brick houses. The lights of Brooklyn were just beginning to glimmer as the flyers passed over Staten Island and the Narrows. They skirted the edge of the Atlantic shore of Long Island in the dusk and it was dark when their tail skids grounded on Hazelhurst Field.

Faster, and it may be longer, flights have been made than this but none that added more information to cross-country flying. The big contribution of such a flight is its promotion of landing fields and its collection of data and information on which the route maps of the future will be made. With a good route map and a multiple engine plane, the pilot of the near future will be able to shape a long, cross-country course above the clouds. If he should have engine trouble, he will locate his position by solar observation or by wireless, come down below the clouds, maneuver around and pick up a guiding landmark, and then glide to the nearest safe landing field.

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A view of the Elz Castle in the Mo- *selle Valley as seen from the river*

OUR WATCH ON THE RHINE

By Francis R. Bellamy

Illustrated by W. M. Berger

WE HAD for hours been on our way. There was an incredible, romantic, castled city, and the great bridge over the Moselle, crowded with grim, matter-of-fact divisions of the Third American Army. An endless jam of huge, mud-splashed trucks, of easy-riding cavalry squadrons, trains of mules drawing canvas-covered wagons, mess outfits, kitchens, ammunition carts, infantry in brown, steel trench helmets—all moving steadily across the stone bridge and up into the giant green and black forest, with its carpet of maroon autumn leaves covering the towering hills. Below and beyond was the green of winter wheat and the neat blue or white dainty houses, dotting the checkerboard of Europe's farming frugality. Over the hills and down the valley as far as the eye could see more endless, slow convoys of canvas-covered supply wagons marked the green-bordered river roads.

The American Army was in Germany!

We had no doubt of the first impression they had made as we pushed on over the bridge toward Treves.

Children, thousands of children! Children wearing Fritz's red-banded army cap; children offering iron crosses for sale; children demanding chocolate, saluting, racing with the trucks, climbing the motors, touching the khaki uniforms—impish, ridiculous, human children! No fear in these children, either; no look of age-

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old suffering, no pinched cheeks such as wrung the heart of the population of Évian when the daily train-load of refugees came in—only a slight paleness.

Children and the faces of old men staring from the doorways—that was our first impression. We got the second in the bar of the Terminus Hotel in Treves where we drank *Heisswein*, after a good meal at the Porte Nigra opposite Cæsar's Arch—a meal, lacking only white bread, for which we paid seven marks. The second impression was a weird absence of hostility.

"*Ach, die Amerikaner! Gute Leute!*" Good people! How long would we stay?

Outside, a few military police directed the traffic of the town. Down by the river in the old cavalry barracks large enough to accommodate 1,800 horses, the Quartermaster Corps made itself at home and the Red Cross took charge of the slowly accumulating returning prisoners; by the railroad the freight cars disgorged boxes of shoes, underwear, food; and brown-painted, muddy, military cars stood in the street in front of the hotels. In the railway station the populace stared at the Red Cross canteen. In the hotel we plied the men and women with questions.

The revolution—was it true? The Kaiser—had they no longer any use for him?

"*Ach, ja!*" The revolution was real. The Kaiser was gone. He had deserted them. They were tired of wars. They were glad to see the *Amerikaner*. The French, the British—they were terrible people; but the *Amerikaner*—!

We went into the shops, the cigar stores. "*Ach, ja!*" Treves had been deceived about America's strength, about the Allies' strength. Only Hindenburg had tried to tell the truth. The submarines and the *Lusitania*? A mistake—all a mistake. They would have won without that! As it was, we would all be republics now. The Kaiser and his followers had been wrong—they had not won. . .

At midnight, in the Porte Nigra, where I went with two officers for a little supper, I picked up a German newspaper and looked at the headlines. The Catholic Bishops of Germany welcomed their returning army!

"*Liebe Soldaten!*"

The Church, the wives, the children greeted the dear returning army with tears of gratitude. To defend the Fatherland they had gone forth. Bravely they had fought. On a thousand battlefields they had proven their valor! Never would those deeds be forgotten, never unremembered the memories of their comrades who lay now on foreign fields! Bravely they had striven until God willed it otherwise. All would be right in God's own good time. Now they should be firm, of good counsel, and as steadfast upholders of law and order at home as of German honor on the battlefields.

Behind me in the hotel our Army Staff discussed Treves.

"We can't be rotten, you know. We have got to show these people that we are simply here for justice, not revenge. The fewer changes, the better. We will have to keep our boys in hand and off the streets; except for the movies I suppose we will have to keep them contented, somehow. They are so pleasant and friendly now it is humorous."

Memories of the Germans in Brussels and Louvain came back to me. . . No, there was no ill feeling against the Americans.

Along the red roads to Wittlich stretched the cavalry and convoys through orchards, pine-forested black hills, and fall-plowed fields, some still filled with cabbage, others already green with winter wheat

Behind me in Treves rested the Red Cross convoy, now scattering to their different destinations, while we pushed on to solve the German mystery.

Up and away from the river we went, through Biewer, past endless tiny villages where the children waved and the women smiled and the returning German soldier plodded stolidly along the road. And suddenly we were in the quaint village square of Wittlich, and in the midst of a curious scene. The 54th Pioneer Band was playing a typical American waltz song, "Missouri," to the silent gathered populace before the *Apotheke*, the *Wittlicher Halle*, and the gabled houses. Only the "Star Spangled Banner" at the end dispersed the crowd and enabled us to repair a punctured tire. And then down the street, as we worked, came a sad procession—twenty-five women in black silently following three wreaths and the German colors. War widows. Truly grief, irony, and the mystery of human nature seemed inextricably blended in this invasion of Germany.

In the wineroom at Alf next the Poste Tavern overlooking the Moselle we stopped again; old women served us pleasantly while old men, who sat about the tables, eyed us curiously.

"Yes, there has been some privation," one of the old women said. "White bread and chocolate—we have not seen them in three years! But potatoes, meat, and sugar are plentiful in Germany. Even coffee. If one asks for Mocha and is willing to pay, one can get it; acorn coffee, like *Heisswein*, otherwise. One can get anything if one has the money! That is the trouble. Now, in Düsseldorf, they say. . . "

Outside, in the early winter dusk, we can hear the voices of women singing. Not all women in Germany are sad, apparently. As the army cooks light the fires for dinner beside the river, the men of the village gather around, talking and watching, while the children play with the doughboys.

Soon we leave to go on to Cochem, down the gray and violet Moselle Valley with the incredible army wagons still crawling along the river roads, beneath the vineyards grounded in slate rocks, the masonry patches holding up the hill soil, on the tops of the hills the turrets of ancient castles and crosses pointing

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

CRIPPLED — and *you* walk whole! Blinded— and *you* see! Everyone of those boys who has come back from the war—maimed, blind—has been fighting for you and for me. Do you realize the sacrifice they have made? The Red Cross Magazine wants to tell both the story of that wonderful renunciation and the work the Government is doing in reparation. And to do this it has asked one of the foremost writers in America—Mr Samuel Hopkins Adams—to make a careful study of the subject and to tell our readers what the nation is doing, and what it is going to do for the injured soldiers. We shall present the first of his two articles in the May number.

to the evening sky. Soon we are rolling into the narrow streets of the town, beneath serried ranks of dark-beamed, masonry houses, and along the Market Platz. There is the Town Mayor's office, with the last orders of the German *Kommandant* still tacked on the walls.

In the dimly lighted *Gasthaus* on the river front, with its old, thin-toned piano, its cloth-covered tables, and its landlord who talks to us of the Revolution and *Die arme Leute*, we have supper and buy *ein, zwei, drei Flasche Wein*. The landlord becomes confidential.

He is of Alsace originally. Two factors, he assures us, have made Germany crack deception and starvation. Of course, it is hard to beat a Germany army—the world knows that. But the Kaiser made too many mistakes. It is plain now that it would have been better if the *Lusitania* had not been sunk. It was an error in judgment! He is glad the Americans and not the French or British have come to Cochem. It is better for him.

Filled with a great doubt, we climb the hill to our attic bedroom over the shop. Will the treatment this American Army is giving the occupied territory open the eyes of these people, or will they construe it as weakness? Surely the meaning of that triple row of huge motors parked in the river square is unmistakable! Endless force and the friendly hand!

They must know that America has brought all this equipment overseas in spite of the submarine. In fancy our eyes travel along the road to Alf, Luxembourg, Esch, crowded with the American Army. And yet there is no perception of ethics so far, no moral values. Merely expediency!

Well, we will be on the Rhine to-morrow.

In the narrow living room adjoining the shop our host insisted on offering us breakfast of real coffee and jelly made last year—seventy-seven carefully concealed jars!—butter and black bread. He is glad the war is over; he was in the *Landsturm*, garrison duty. Is he a Bolshevik? *Ach, nein*, the Bolshevik is *dumm*. In Germany, the Bolsheviki are only in great cities. . .

We get off for Coblenz, finally, in the graying afternoon, aware of a great effort on the part of these people to win the favor of America's soldiers—open houses, smiles, fair prices, joviality to doughboys, servility to officers. Is it all real or merely an effort to escape retribution, a deliberate propaganda inspired by that same bureau which still holds its offices as before in Berlin?

We cannot decide.

As we go out into the dusk we nearly run down some stray doughboys, walking with Cochem maidens. Decidedly, this is a curious invasion. There is no thrill of uncertainty in running past the outposts and making for the Rhine under such circumstances. Rather the thing is amazing, ironical, a magnificent anticlimax. . . .

And so we pass the last detachments of doughboys at supper, the light of their fires shining in the dark hills. In the twilight, the light-colored, neat blankets of the cavalry horses picketed for supper, heads inward, make endless lines along the pebbled river shores. Now and then a blazing fire lights up some castle courtyard where boys in khaki handle mess kits and wood.

Panorama of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, where our soldiers are guarding the Rhine

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Berncastel in the Moselle Valley—along which American troops advanced to the Rhine

Soon we are out and ahead of the Army.

Hour after hour we run along the winding river, guided by the stars and now and then the lights of towns and ferries across the river. In the silent villages no one appears. Now and then, in the darkness—we have no lights—we narrowly escape a farmer and his cow-drawn cart. The countryside sleeps in peace, or sits behind drawn shades. There is nothing of Verdun's ghastly destruction here, nothing of Louvain's bloody ghosts, nothing of the white, smashed Dormans road.

Ahead a glow against the sky announces Coblenz. We put on speed.

"Halt!"

An American sentry, with bayonet pointed, stops us under a railway bridge, black in the darkness.

In surprise we show our passes. How has he gotten here?

"Sent in by train last night, sir," he answers "This is Coblenz. No, there is no hostility. One battalion of military police could hardly garrison a town of a hundred thousand if there were! The Army will come in two days."

Curiously, we thread our way past the great industries of Coblenz up into the city, with its gay shop windows already touched with the Christmas holiday time, its crowds of well-dressed people, brilliantly lighted hotels, cafés, and restaurants. Were it not for the narrow streets, it could be America! Has war and its misery, its starvation and tremendous cost, driven these people to surrender to that muddy, smashed France we have so shortly left?

An hour later, we left the *Kurfürster Hotel* beside the Rhine, touring the shops on our way to the cafés, noting the men running the street cars, the evidences of wealth in the stores. In the Vienna café the orchestra was playing to the evening crowd. In the midst of its gilt lacquered cheerfulness we seven uniformed Americans sat and drank *dunkless* beer. So this was war-worn Germany!

As I sat listening to the music, there sprang into my mind a very different picture—a picture of the drowned victims of the *Lusitania*, of English women kneeling beside the wooden crosses in Flanders, of Belgium women in the ruins of Louvain, of the dry-eyed women of France, praying to their God for their dead beside the lighted tapers in the age-old churches.

And the major voiced my thoughts.

"Well, it is plain," he said firmly. "We all are agreed squareheads. *Kultur!* Expediency! All Democrats now! America their best friend. The Kaiser shelved because he didn't win." He rose. "It is the same old crowd. It is a business proposition with these people. They quit when the war didn't pay any more. They will play our ally now. And if the British and French press too hard, they will try Bolshevism."

In the Vienna café the orchestra still played. Above Château-Thierry, on Hill 204, the crosses on the American graves glistened in the moonlight. In Audun, two ragged children crouched in a dripping doorway.

Yes, the Saga of the Great War was ended.

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With colors flying, a column of the Fifth Field Artillery, First Division, marching through Holzerath, Germany, on the way to the Rhine

THE YANKS IN GERMANY

By Alexander Woolcott

THE morning of December 1, 1918, saw fulfilled a dream that had been in the mind of every American since that unforgettable April day in 1917, when the United States declared war on the Imperial German Government. American troops entered Germany.

From the first, there was never a transport sailing from home, there was never a division going, awkward but eager, into the training area, there was never a platoon slipping nervously into their first trench, but that its members did not believe that one day they would force their way into the land of the enemy. They had expected to fight their way there inch by inch, foot by foot. How often the refrain had been lifted by some dusty column on a hike:

> "Then, by ——, we'll all go to Germany.
> God help Kaiser Bill!"

They were fatalistically prepared to slash and blast their way, if needs must, to the very gates of Berlin, to chew and slug and tear their way to the very steps of the throne. Yet now, on this December morning, Berlin was in turmoil and the throne stood empty before the world. And here were the Yanks, not battling into Germany, but sauntering there. From Château-Thierry to Sedan they had fought their way as their fathers back home had hoped and prayed they would. From Sedan to Coblenz they just eased along. There is no other word for it—they just eased along. The Yank entered Germany unchecked, unmolested, unquestioned. He took over the Rhineland with a smile.

When the order, "Forward march," sounded along the frontier from Belgium to Switzerland, the Americans, at least, crossed the line without a flourish, without a trace of circumstance. The whole war presents no more pathetic figure than the war correspondent constantly badgered by cables from the managing editor adjuring him to send dramatic accounts of the doughboy on this or that great occasion—the dough-

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boy on November 11, the doughboy entering Germany, the doughboy crossing the Rhine—for a Yank, though he will be humorous if possible and grim if necessary, will under no circumstances consent to be dramatic.

It is true that when the 6th Infantry swung into the old Napoleonic garrison at Trier, the regimental band played "Dixie" till it set the heart a-thumping; and that when Old Glory, carried across the Rhine by the scarred and weary 18th Infantry, spread wide on the midstream gale, the band on shore played as it had never played before in all its history. But for the most part, there was no ceremony at all and there was only one kind of music, of which, however, the strains will stir some of us all the days of our lives. That music was the steady, monotone scuff-scuff-scuff of Yankee feet on German soil.

Since the beginning of the war, the gentlemen who draw pictures for the magazines in America have been indulging in an orgy of prophecy, and it was their greatest pleasure to picture the Yank in Germany. They were only too apt to show him wearing a campaign hat (for which he would give his eye teeth), together with a Q.M.C. hat-cord and a Medical Corps insignia. They also showed him swaggering down *Unter den Linden* or loftily requiring the Kaiser to polish his shoes. How little they knew him! But then it is probable that, in the bitter weeks of the Argonne when this same Yank lay hungry, cold, wet, and exhausted in some quite insufficient fox-hole and when he tried there to buck himself up by thinking what he would do when he got to Germany, he foresaw for himself a feeling of overwhelming pride and satisfaction. How little he knew himself. The prevailing emotion in the Third American Army as it plodded into Germany was not pride—it was embarrassment.

The Yank, pack-laden and a trifle subdued by a march of 200 kilometers, kept his eyes on the ground. He wished the German people, who lined the curbs, crowded the doorways, and bulged from every window, would not stare so hard. He wished to heaven that he himself was not so darned conspicuous. By instinct, he was determined on just one thing: He was determined not to lord it over these helpless losers, not to be a bum winner, not to rub it in—above all, not to rub it in.

I happen to have seen the Rainbow Division, battered and weary from weeks of fighting in Champagne, on the Ourcq, and at St. Mihiel, junketing up the road that led into the caldron of the Argonne, and they were whistling and cursing and singing and joking every foot of the way, a division that could be murderous on occasion but which would be facetious to the last. Not quite two months later, I saw them enter Germany. They went in softly. They went in a little sheepishly. They were shy.

All the troops marched in combat formation, of course, an army in no mood for a battle but equipped to be obliging at a moment's notice. Their gas masks swung within easy reach. They were armed to the teeth—those gleaming, fanatically brushed teeth. But they found no use for their guns. There was something quite baffling in the utter calm and serenity with which they were received. After the first nervous retreat indoors, the well-known German people came out and stared and stared and stared. From every doorway and every window-ledge, from every fence and curb, they just stared the diffident conqueror out of countenance. Not friendly, not inimical—just curious. They were a little scornful of the rather free and easy marching style of the invaders. They were openly awed by the excellent rubber tires on the automobiles and by the luxurious swash-buckling rubber-boots in which so many of the Americans clumped their way along the matchless Moselle.

Captain M. W. Lanham at Boppard, Germany, giving his horse a drink from the Rhine

Here and there a hat was raised in friendly salutation. Here and there a cup of coffee or a drink of good water was timidly proffered. Every once in a while a man would call out from his window, "I used to be a waiter back in the United States," and that made it pleasant. But the thaw really began when, every now and then, a laggard Yank would emerge from some home with an enemy infant—a Hunlet—clinging to each hand and dancing excitedly apace. In no time, Rhenish Prussia's inexhaustible supply of little

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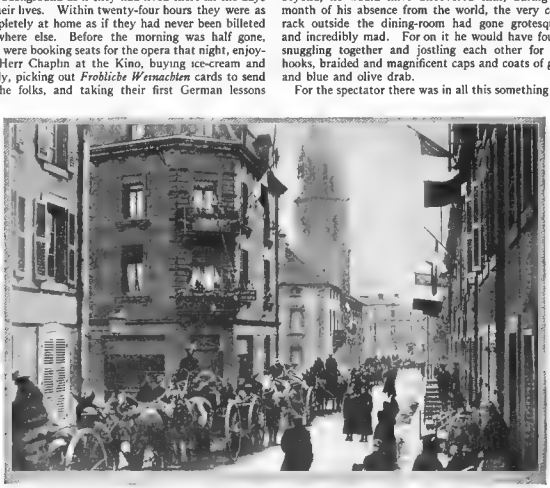
square-heads and little flaxen-haired girls were swarming around the Yanks like bees around honey-pots; and St Nicholas's Day—"*Der Tag*" of the German children—saw them getting some presents they certainly had not been led to expect. For a doughboy could scarcely be counted on to consider this teeming generation as a serious and international man-power problem. He just looked into his own roomy and foolish heart and decided that he had no quarrel with German babies.

Here and there, it is true, as the rising sun of that first day showed all the highways of Rhenish Prussia tawny and a-bustle with our troops, the curtains of some window would remain closed; but from behind them the passing American was uneasily conscious of a pair of old eyes—eyes sick with disappointment at the difference between this day and all that had been prayed and paid for, eyes moody with resentment at the spectacle of endless columns of troops—troops which the Powers That Were had promised would never even cross the ocean.

The embarrassment and the restraint did not last long. Indeed, it vanished like a hoar-frost before the end of the first day, and the Yankees faded into their new background as if they had lived there all the days of their lives. Within twenty-four hours they were as completely at home as if they had never been billeted anywhere else. Before the morning was half gone, they were booking seats for the opera that night, enjoying Herr Chaplin at the Kino, buying ice-cream and candy, picking out *Frohliche Weinachten* cards to send to the folks, and taking their first German lessons from Gretchen up a side street. By noon, such a Trier café as the "Dom" would present the startling spectacle of tables evenly distributed between German and American soldiers who, six weeks before, had been trying, not without some success, to kill each other in the Argonne. The enemy was still in his field gray for the simple reason that, whether duly discharged or casually self-demobilized, he had nothing else to wear. Just one month after the last great smash of November 1st, here were Yanks and Boches, side by side, drinking beer. They eyed each other furtively. They did not speak. But on the other hand, neither did they shoot. There was just silence—and a lot of thinking.

Imagine an American soldier, wounded and knocked unconscious on that famous November 1st and not coming to until a month later in the Red Cross Hospital in Trier. Imagine him with no inkling of all that that month had unfolded. Conceive, if you can, his bewilderment had he descended to the street, strolled up the main street, noting the American trucks parked casually in the squares and the imperturbable American M.P's. directing the traffic under and around the famous Porto Nigra. Then, had he entered the hotel beyond, he would have discovered that, during the month of his absence from the world, the very coat-rack outside the dining-room had gone grotesquely and incredibly mad. For on it he would have found, snuggling together and jostling each other for the hooks, braided and magnificent caps and coats of gray and blue and olive drab.

For the spectator there was in all this something dis-



An American supply train passing through Moyeuvre le Grand in Lorraine, only a short time before in German hands

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American troops tramping onward into Germany and hailed by a small band of native Lorrainers

concerting, something of the same deflation that smites the theatre-goer who, having sat spellbound through an emotional costume play, encounters the star a half-hour later on the daylit street, a star no longer in doublet and hose but in a business suit, and brandishing an umbrella instead of a sword. And as it was on December 1st, so it was every day until the occupation was completed—completed without a single scuffle or a single instance of friction between conqueror and the conquered. Surely there has never been such a tranquil, not to say affable, occupation in the history of this fretful world.

The affability of it arose from something considerably more fundamental than the mere decree of the Staff that thus it should be. "You have come," the Staff reminded the Third American Army, "not as despoilers or oppressors, but simply as the instruments of a strong, free Government whose purposes toward the people of Germany are beneficent. During our occupation the civil population is under the special safeguard of the faith and honor of the American Army. It is not believed that any acts of pillage or violence will be committed by members of the American forces; but should any persons prove themselves unworthy of this confidence, their acts will be considered not only as crimes against the sufferers, but as dishonoring the American Army and as a direct insult to the flag of the United States."

This was the spirit of the order but, quite independently, it was also the spirit of the fat cook ladling coffee from his kitchen and slipping a few contraband cups to the wistful natives hanging around. It was distinctly the spirit of the uttermost Yank pacing his post and wishing he could swap his gun for a pair of russet shoes. The Staff had directed him to maintain "a dignified and reserved attitude," but still he wished that the girl peeking at him from the house across the street could just see him once in russet shoes!

That spirit rose from the fact that in the towns and villages of the beautiful Rhineland, the Yank found himself amid scenes and among people more like home and the home-folks than any he had encountered since he set sail on his great adventure. He had left war-torn France where the Germans had made a practice of razing to the ground nearly every village and every city. He had come through to that Germany untouched, intact, shining in the morning sunlight, saved from any damage by the calculating German staff. He found himself settling down in the midst of a population hopelessly alien in thought and speech, but close kin to them in all the little customs that go to make up existence. Therefore he was more comfortable (and far more homesick) than he had been since he began to earn his first service chevron.

There was nowhere he could turn his hungry eyes without memories of home assailing him. Here were towns and villages marked at every corner with evidence of an expansion contemporary with America's own. Here were whole streets that looked like so many Commonwealth Avenues—wealthy, roomy, modern. Here was a magical river, castle-crowned, it is true, and misty with the fine, softening haze of legend; but it reminded the East of the Hudson and the West of Snake River, and it reminded both of home. Here were girls who dressed like American girls. Here, apparently, were all the ex-waiters from the Manhattan

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Hotel in New York to the St. Francis in San Francisco. Here was a shy little chap looking for the captain he had served under in the old days of the Missouri National Guard, but the captain has been killed at the edge of the Forest of Argonne. Here were men and women who seemed to have nephews and nieces strewn across America from Hoboken to Seattle. Here were orchards like our own orchards, and broad, clean, well-swept streets—all saved by the German surrender Here were shop-windows, dressed according to Chicago's latest taste in such matters. Here, actually, were cash registers. And here, oh here, were bathtubs! After all, the deepest source of that nostalgia was—I *think* it was the plumbing.

AND comfort. No such comfort had come to the Yanks in stricken France. Germany had seen to that. The Yank had forgotten it was possible to be comfortable. If the great houses which line Riverside Drive and stretch along the hill-lined Hudson in ever increasing magnificence were suddenly to be opened wide to the officers of an invading army, you would have a parallel billeting luxury. Generals who had dwelt in the Argonne holes and slept beside the manure piles in France suddenly found themselves pacing the rug-rich floors of their own castles on the Rhine. Of course they did. But then so did the lesser lights of the army—such as the sergeants. There are some of us who will never quite forget the sumptuous palace on the river's edge at Rolandseck where Sergeant Hank Gowdy was billeted, nor the dainty room where he could stretch out his considerable length, gaze down stream at the clustered peaks of the Siebengebirge, and wonder how the dog-gone guide book ever got the silly notion that those hills were placed there by the Giants.

It is possible that the enjoyment of these new comforts was somewhat enhanced by the fact that the Yanks were decidedly in funds. They had been rather engrossed in the business of killing Germans all through the fall, and a good many regiments arrived in Germany with several months' pay due them. They were engaged in a facetious little debate as to whether the paymaster had gone A.W.O.L. or been bumped off at St Mihiel. But just about then he caught up with them, and great was the reckoning.

The feeling of prosperity grew as they turned their francs into marks and discovered that the number of marks that could be thus acquired was always on the increase. But marks, or even francs, were not the surest legal tender in the Rhineland. Even such a wad as a Yank is willing to describe as "bocoo franks" could scarcely rival the purchasing power of a cake of soap. Even one of those measly little latherless cakes issued to the cleanest army in the world –they are like the cakes one finds in railroad trains –would buy a Thanksgiving pumpkin or a Christmas goose, and did so more than once. Any one who left his soap-box lying around would leave his wallet on a restaurant table. A Yank with a barrack-bag full of soap could live on the fat of the land. He carried it with him and was wealthy. The supply officers took note of their rapidly diminishing supplies, eyed suspiciously several Yanks who had just acquired enough souvenirs to open a private arsenal, said nothing, but posted a double guard around the soap supply. It was too late. The soap was gone and, incidentally, the bottom had dropped out of the souvenir market. What else could happen when a German officer's helmet that would have brought 400 francs on November 1st in Bar-le-Duc could be acquired at Coblenz six weeks later for a bag of Bull Durham tobacco?

Thus fortified with funds, thus mollified by a succession of soft-ships undreamed of, the men of the Third American Army beamed around them and asked, "When are we going home?" Even as they were crossing into Germany, the news had come up from the base ports that the first transports were starting home. "The lucky stiffs," said the Yanks of the Occupation; yet there was not a division among those chosen to keep "the watch on the Rhine" that would not have felt outraged if it had not been summoned to the task

AND as the men paced their posts along the river from Drachenfels to the Lorelei, they could not help thinking what a different winter it was that the fortunes of war had assigned them from the one that had loomed ominous ahead when they plunged into the mud and jungle brush of the Argonne. They could not help feeling the presence of Fate directing the change, the stupendous, unbelievable change, that had overtaken them and a still half-incredulous world. The people in America do not know and never will completely realize just what the fighting would have been like had the war gone on through the winter. But the Yank knows –more than any one in the world, he knows.

How great the change was, how really great and dramatic, you can see best if you will but try to look at it with the eyes of a single infantryman. Say one who was wounded near Château-Thierry in those surcharged July hours when the tide in the history of man turned in the valley of the Marne. There was such a one at the hospital at Trier—one of the little American colony of suffering and hope that had been wearily, laboriously trundled there over the interminable German lines of communication from the battlefields of France.

He had lain there in a neat, well-managed German ward for more than three months. On that feverish August night when they carried him over from the station to the hospital across the way, there may have been—there *must* have been –hope in his heart; but even in his most exalted visions, even in his most indulgent day dreams, he could not have dared to imagine that long before Christmas his own troops, his own buddies, would come 300 kilometers across Europe to get him, that the first of December would see Americans swarming around his cot, Americans carrying in books and papers and more cigarettes than a regiment usually gets; that through the open window would come the sound of Yankee scuffling in the street; and that from far, far down the Moselle, faintly on the wintry wind, and bringing balm to his tired soul there would be borne the sound of a Yankee band playing, "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River.".

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MEDALS AND BADGES of the AMERICAN RED CROSS

The Button worn as an alternate for the Conspicuous Valor Medal

The Button worn as an alternate for the Distinguished Service Medal

The Bronze Medal to be awarded for highly meritorious service in time of war

The Gold Medal, for Conspicuous Valor performed on behalf of the Red Cross under fire or in any great peril

The Silver Medal to be awarded for distinguished service in time of war

The Service Badge for women who have worked 400 hours

The upper Ribbon can be worn by women as an alternate for the Conspicuous Valor Medal, the lower Ribbon as an alternate for Distinguished Service Medal

The Service Badge for women who have worked 800 hours

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The Identification Badge worn by Executives in time of disaster

The Borgium Bronze Medal awarded to winners in first aid contests

The Medal for students finishing the advanced course in first aid

Membership Badges showing the various sizes

The Badge for Red Cross Physicians

The Badge for Enrolled Nurses

The Badge for Executives in National, Divisional, or Chapter Headquarters

The Ribbon for women workers for additional service and to be worn above the regular Service Badge

Bars may be added to the Students' Medal to show additional work

Life Saving Medallion for members of the Life Saving Corps who enroll for two years

The Badge for Dietitian, serving either in military hospitals or as instructor in Red Cross courses

The Badge for Nurses not eligible for military duties but who serve in disasters at home

The Badges for Life Saving and First Aid. The badge on the left is for beginners in the Life Saving Corps, on the right for the swimmers. The centre one is for those who have passed the life-saving test

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MOTHERS AND SONS

By Ruth Dunbar

UPON New York, as upon a screen, have been thrown many dramas of this war. Across it we have seen march thousands of war-going figures. Now they are coming back—the khaki and the blue and Fifth Avenue gives us the majesty of broken returning columns.

It is hard to think of them detachedly—these columns. Yet on the great screen appear fragmentary dramas—partings and meetings of each man. One gets glimpses of these at the piers, in our great temple-like stations. Even the gayest little restaurant has its reflection of individual relationships touched in some way by the war. And of all the relationships deepened and strengthened by war, that of mother and son is the most significant. We saw them the mothers—saying good-bye to their sons. Many of these boys were then youth-hungry, adventure-hungry, arrogantly impatient for the biggest thing in the world. When it came time for their going it was, to be sure, of their mothers that they thought. They were sorry for her pain, many of them saw the bravery of that farewell smile set against the months of waiting—just waiting—ahead. But they—well, whether the war called to them as a wild adventure or whether as the austere obligation to the common cause—they had not fully realized the one big need.

And now! We choose from the screen three pictures of mothers and sons who parted and met again.

"ALL THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, MOTHER"

THE long line of beds at Debarkation Hospital No. 3 looked like dominoes to which each wounded soldier's eyes gave spots of dark. The white preciseness of a hospital, the domino-like regularity—these were what made the expression of each boy's eyes so infinitely touching. For there was no regularity here. Nothing but stricken yearning—yearning for the one presence that had been with them all their lives.

Sometimes these eyes called across distances of time and space. They sought the one dear, near figure, in remembered pictures of the Montana mining-town, among the dusty cacti of Arizona, in the stillness of some little southern garden where the robin's bed-time song seems to curl with contentment. They sought it, too, in pictures of a life to which there was no coming back. And many a boy lifted his eyes to the white-figured nurse who bent over him with the delirious cry, "Mother." For one merciful moment there in their fever they thought she had come back to them—the mother who had died in their childhood.

Some of the boys, however, had their mothers with them. On the faces of these there rested content which was mixed with wistful disbelief. "Tell me you're real—tell me again that you're here," their eyes seemed to be saying as they followed every movement of the dear, recovered presence.

Among the faces thus stamped with joy that was yet incredulous, I noticed one particularly. I had been standing there near his cot, and again and again I returned to the look that he was giving the woman who sat beside him. What could be the message of that silent intensity, that grateful, almost humble regard?

And then at last I heard him speak. The voice was Southern and the very fact that it was so weak made the emotion back of it seem more violent.

"Mothah," he said, "have you known?"

"Known what, dear?"

"Oh just known—known, known, known. I used to be saying things to you over there—oh, all kinds of things—all the time. Somehow, you never seemed far off and I'd look up at Orion—he was the one thing that looked like home—he'd make me see our garden just as plain—the way the crocuses close up on spring evenings and you standing there looking far off with something white and nice around your shoulders. Please, mothah,"—and the brown eyes on the pillow looked up at her almost querulously—"can't you put your hand on my head?"

Shyly, almost timidly, the woman beside him put out her hand.

"Um!" The Southern voice from the bed fairly gloated over that cool touch. For a moment he kept silent. Then I heard him speak again.

"Oh, mothah—it's been such hell! You did know, didn't you—not Château-Thierry, but—well—her! Why, when her letters stopped so suddenly—I just couldn't believe—why, we had been engaged ever since I got out of prep school," and a memory of the old pain reached out from his eyes to hers.

She just sat there looking at him. Then the slow tears gathered to her eyes and I knew when she spoke why that little gesture of hers had been almost timid.

Go gle

"My dear, my dear," she said, brokenly, "I did know all the time, but I never dared write you about it. If you had only told me that you were engaged to her, but I always had to—well, just guess things about you—guess and—wait."

As he heard the choke in her voice he must have known what it all meant—the patient mother-love that must give no sign of its yearning that must stand aloof with its word and look unclaimed.

At all events he suddenly reached up and impulsively caught her fingers in his own bleached white ones.

"I know, mothah," he cried, "I began to see over there—what a brute I had always been. Somehow, in spite of my loving you, I just couldn't talk to you. Why, when I think how I used to close up like a clam every time you asked me anything about myself——" he broke off and with fervent humility kissed the hand in his own. "Please forget it all, mothah," he whispered, "it's never going to be that way again. I found out over there—I knew what it was not to have anybody to tell things to—and now—and now—why, you've got to listen to me all the rest of your life, mothah."

THE new miracle of closeness! This is what the war has given to many a mother to-day. For no son who marched to the battle across the seas is quite the son who marches back again to-day. The boy who would never tell things to his mother—he has learned from the terrible stillness of armies and guns, a stillness where the heart-beat of the one is lost in that of the many, the need for some one person to understand. And out of his own loneliness he has been able to construct the loneliness of the mother who never is told.

NEVER AGAIN THE CHEAP EASY PLEASURES

I SAW them meet at the Grand Central Station, and I knew from the moment I saw the little woman that she was not one of the demonstrative mothers. She gave this returning son of hers, in fact, only a swift little peck on the cheek. Yet as she stood off and looked at the empty sleeve of the private's uniform I saw tears dim the stern Scotch blue of eyes that were set under an old-fashioned bang of rusty blonde hair. And I knew from the way she tried to force them back that these tears were more violent than another woman's sobs.

"Oh, and now you can't play billiards any more!" These were the strange words with which she greeted him.

"Billiards!" cried the young private, looking down at her in surprise that was almost bitter.

His surprise did something to her. It forced one of the tears down over the thin, sallow cheek. And between gulps I heard her go on. "Oh, son," she cried, "I'm so sorry now I always objected so much to everything. Nagging you to sing in the choir, scolding you about billiards and loafing around the Square and smoking cigarettes. When you were away it just appeared to me I had never done anything but scold and I saw then. Son," she added solemnly, "it was I that drove you away from the church—not you yourself."

It was quite apparent that he was as undemonstrative as she; but now, as they stood looking at each other, he reached over and awkwardly touched her sleeve with his one hand.

"Mother," he said almost fiercely, "as if you hadn't nagged me for my own good! Don't you think I've found out by now what a bum I used to be—loafing round the Square, spending all my money on billiards and booze when I might have been helping you out? People—having a good time—that's all I used to think about. Well, I got enough of people over there—I found out what you always told me, mother—there's got to be something bigger than people."

I caught the startled look of joy in the woman's face upturned to his, the greeting of a happiness that must have been prayed for unceasingly through years of life in some small town where this mother had watched her son borne away from her on a tide of cheap, easy pleasures. And then the two whose meeting was at last a real meeting of spirit, an enduring understanding to last through life, were blotted out by the crowds.

DEEP in every mother's heart is the wish that her son may see that there is a thing bigger than people. She wants him to have something to which he can PRAY. You may call that something what you wish. But, under whatever name you choose, it is the high, enfolding Spirit which holds him firm against temptation and makes him companioned in loneliness and suffering. That is what the war has taught many a boy. And from the spirit's solitude in battle, from the terrors and the weakness, he has brought back that sense of God which perhaps he never had before. Through ways far from her he has come, through a new understanding, to the faith of his mother.

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AFTER YEARS, WAR UNITED THIS MOTHER AND SON

"THERE'S the lad himself —waiting for his mother. If she doesn't come now, I actually think he will die."

As the Red Cross worker pointed out the tall, square-shouldered sailor walking restlessly by the door of the Hostess House, she told me the story. He had left Sweden when he was fifteen. He hadn't bothered to tell his little widowed mother that he was coming to America; there were eight other children and, as far as he could see, a son more or less didn't matter. Five years in the logging-camps of the Northwest did not change his vision. Because he felt no need of his mother, he could not believe her need of him. He was young and vigorous and his own master. He could quit work when he wanted to, he could spend money as he liked, he could see the whole world if he chose. Family bonds—they were bondage. He was free!

Then came the war. It was natural that the sea, which had claimed his Viking fathers, should claim him now. The boy hurried to enlist as a seaman. Then he became just a tiny part of the great machinery of war. Waiting—something he had never learned—that was harder than any of his hard tasks. Waiting for orders to go on board, waiting to sail he knew not where, waiting again in dock for he knew not how long. It was when he first waited that the memory of his mother disturbed him. Then the thought of her grew and grew until the hunger to see her possessed him — his mother who was waiting too, who had waited five years. He wrote a belated letter of remorseful longing. He counted the days until he might expect an answer. But the answer did not come. He wrote again, this time distractedly, to the village pastor. It was while he read the pastor's answer that the Red Cross worker first saw him at the Hostess House — a "gawb," huddled down in the wicker chair, staring at the open fire through tears he did not try to hide. He was so young, so abject, that she had no trouble in getting him to tell her what was in the pastor's letter: His mother with the two youngest children had left Sweden not so long after he himself had run away from home. She was in Minnesota —that was all the pastor knew. So the boy was absolutely alone in the world—cut off from all family ties by his own heedless act. He could never trace his mother now. He was not even free to try. To-morrow he might be scrubbing decks on a ship bound for Europe.

But the Red Cross worker had a hundred means of finding people. Before his ship was ready to pull out for Europe, his Red Cross friend in the Hostess House was in touch with other unknown friends in Minnesota. Then came the armistice. His ship never did go to Europe. Instead the boy was sent on a trawler to clear the Maine coast of mines. And when he came back a few days ago to the Hostess House, the Red Cross woman had good news for him. . . .

It was at this point that she left me. She was hurrying to the door where a little woman with bewildered blue eyes stood looking for her. But before the Red Cross worker could reach her, the tall sailor had his little Swedish mother in his arms. They cried together for a moment; then they remembered their friend. "I can never thank you," said the boy, turning happily to her. "You found us to one another." And the Red Cross worker cried with them.

THAT is the way it is. From the battlefields over there which caught up and held and echoed that last cry, "Mother," from the lips of wounded men, sons are bringing back a new wisdom. It isn't that they act differently now. It is that they see differently. And from the new, strong need of their mothers they have realized their mothers' need of them.

HIS MOTHER

By Theodosia Garrison

HE WAS so young, so young—a hundred ways
He needed me. As once I gave my hands
To help him through his little, stumbling days;
I gave my thought, my will to the demands
Of the boy-mind. I closed him in a ring
Of tenderness, and love and sheltering.
Yet suddenly he seemed to stand outside,
Unheeding me, yet hearing from afar
The crash and clamor of a world at war.
The great wave broke and swept him from my side!

From all the help I gave, the strength I lent,
He was so young, so young the day he went.

He was not old that day when he came back,
Yet facing him I knew another stood
In my boy's place—a man who on the black
Anvil of war had forged his hardihood;
One who had forced and blazed his soul a path
Through the dark ways of sin and pain and wrath,
And gained his strength thereby. I saw the eyes
That once turned only to life's pleasing things
Bent on a torn world's million sufferings
New filled with courage, faith and enterprise.

There is no joy I miss, no pride I lack—
He was so strong, so strong when he came back.

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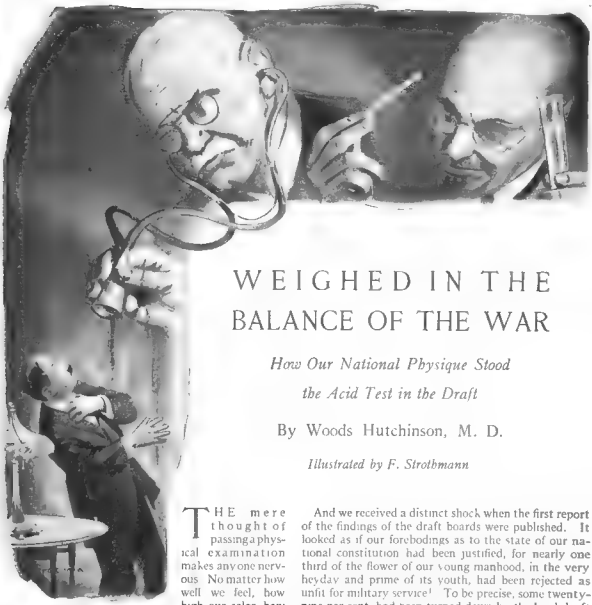

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE OF THE WAR

How Our National Physique Stood the Acid Test in the Draft

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

"No matter how well we feel... we still face the stethoscope and the test tube with misgivings"

THE mere thought of passing a physical examination makes any one nervous. No matter how well we feel, how high our color, how keen our appetite, how sound our sleep, we still face the stethoscope and the test tube with qualms and misgivings. We may think ourselves so healthy that if we felt any better it would hurt and yet have a vivid and uneasy dread of the discovery of some terrible defect, or of the seeds of coming decay, by the cold and boring eye of a medical examiner.

We have exactly the same doubts and uneasiness as to the soundness of our national physique, the vigor of our racial constitution. When we decided upon conscription as being the best method of raising our great citizen army, and proceeded to submit the whole mass of our young men between twenty and thirty to the searching ordeal of the draft boards, we had many wonderings and anxieties as to what would be the result of, in the language of the day, the "show down."

And we received a distinct shock when the first report of the findings of the draft boards were published. It looked as if our forebodings as to the state of our national constitution had been justified, for nearly one third of the flower of our young manhood, in the very heyday and prime of its youth, had been rejected as unfit for military service! To be precise, some twenty-nine per cent. had been turned down by the local draft boards at home, and from two to four per cent. more were disqualified by the Boards of Reference at the camps, which reviewed and reexamined the doubtful cases.

If this be done in the green tree, what will happen in the dry? For it is, of course, practically an axiom with physicians and physical examiners that the percentage of defects steadily increases with each successive year after the thirtieth. Not so much because we are losing in strength and resisting power—for we are not!—but on account of the increasing total of risks —risks of infection, risks of accident, risks of overstrain—each survived, but each leaving its tiny, invisible mark upon heart, liver, blood vessels, nervous system. Handwriting upon the wall!

Our age is determined not so much by the years that have passed over our heads as by the colds that have passed through them. If, in the golden years of our third decade, one third of us are unfit to fight, what must the percentage rise to in the red-faced, pros-

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perous, swivel-chair-loving, middle decades when we begin to realize our priceless value to the community and cherish ourselves accordingly?

But everything in this world is relative; and when we come to compare this, at first sight, alarming percentage of physical defects with previous standards and the experiences of other nations, we are considerably reassured. In the first place the regular standard expectations of military authorities and experts the world over in the development of man power for fighting purposes are that only fifty per cent. of the men of military age of any nation are fit to fight. These ages, of course, include from five to ten years of older men at the one end who would lower the average of the twenty-one to thirty-one at the other; but they also bring in three years' classes of younger men who, on account of their larger numbers, would almost balance the older classes over thirty and who would tend to have even a lower percentage of defects than the twenty-one to thirty-one class. So that all things considered, an unfitness of thirty per cent. among the special age class of drafted men would be quite close to what might have been expected according to the standard military average.

When we compare our experiences with those of other nations in this war, the result is even more consoling. England, for instance, was almost dismayed by the recent final report of her army examining boards—that out of the magnificent army, two thirds raised by voluntary enlistment and the remainder by conscription, only a little more than thirty per cent. had been able to be passed and rated as Class One! This is a standard only a little above our acceptance for active service. And in France the average of attainment of an equivalent standard fell below this figure.

Of course it is hardly fair to compare the results in physical development obtained in our new and virgin and not yet over-crowded country, with its much higher general average of wages, income, and diffusion of comfort and prosperity, with those of any of the countries of the Old World. But it may at least reassure us and allay any fears we may have of racial decadence or of a falling below the standards of strength and vigor set by our ancestors and by our parent races in Europe.

CAREFULLY taken and recorded data upon physique and development have showed overwhelmingly a marked superiority—in height, weight at age, and chest girth—of the American soldier boys over their average European cousins. This again confirms the careful studies of Gould and King based upon measurements taken during our Civil War, which showed a decided superiority in all measurements (except in certain groups as to chest-girths), on the part of American-born soldiers in comparison with those of the scores of thousands of men of European nationalities who patriotically enlisted in defense of their adopted country. And the more purely American the man was, and the greater number of generations of his ancestry that had been in this country, the more striking was his superiority. The highest average was then being shown by the Kentucky mountaineers.

And the unanimous comment upon our American troops of physical experts and military men on the other side was on their size and splendid youth and clean, fresh vigor and hardness. Time and again I have complimented officers of the various Allied nations on the splendid appearance and fitness of their troops; they would smile their graceful thanks and appreciation, but they would spontaneously and genuinely burst forth with, "Oh, but there is nothing to compare with your American troops! So splendidly set up and developed, so grave and quiet, yet such demons in a fight, so splendidly ready for every possible emergency!"

BUT the most interesting and perhaps consoling comparison of all is that of the new standards of military fitness as compared with the old. In an earlier day, even up to a century ago, almost any recruit who had two good arms and two good legs and more than half of his front teeth, who was not suffering from unmistakable heart trouble or kidney disease, and could run fifty yards without wheezing, was accepted as a soldier. Almost any one who was not lame or crippled or blind or clearly diseased, would do to stop a bullet. It is little wonder that in those days five times as many soldiers in the field died from diseases as from bullets or battle wounds.

Mere courage and average physical vigor were considered all that was necessary to make a soldier. But the standards of fitness and acceptance changed remarkably as war itself became more scientific and more complex, and broader and more scientific views were taken of the requirements and make-up of a good soldier.

For instance, scarcely more than half a century ago when half to two thirds of the battle was with rifles, as measured by the huge majority of rifle wounds over shell or shrapnel wounds, and the heaviest of the firing was done at from one hundred to two hundred yards, almost any kind of an eye, that could get along without glasses, could see a mark the size of a man at that range. Until magazine and repeating rifles were used men were urged to hold their fire until they almost could see the whites of the enemy's eyes! Standards of eyesight were low and lightly insisted upon then.

But when rifle fire became a matter of delicate adjustment of tiny sights, at from one thousand to two thousand yards, and a continuous torrent of fire must be poured into the enemy from the moment that he leaves his trenches or appears on the skyline over the top of the distant hill; when artillery and machine guns became three fourths of the battle, and the laying of the guns, from "Jack Johnsons" to three-inchers and *soixante-quinzes*, became as delicate and precise an operation as the pointing of an astronomer's telescope or a surveyor's transit; then higher and much more rigid standards of eyesight become absolutely necessary.

Hence it need be no surprise whatever that the largest single cause for rejections in the draft was defective eyesight. This item alone accounted for nearly one fourth of the total.

While this very large number of men are definitely and genuinely unfit for actual fighting or front-line duty, they are by no means a reflection upon our general national vigor and physique. Indeed, not only are the great majority of them of excellent physical development in all other important respects, but at least two

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thirds to three fourths of them can be given perfectly good vision for all practical peaceful purposes by the fitting of proper glasses or spectacles. But they are not really fit, nor is it fair either to them or to their comrades to allow them to meet the sudden risks and emergencies of the actual battle line, where not merely life but even victory may at any moment depend upon perfect vision. The breaking or carrying away of spectacles, lenses clouding over with mist or battle smoke or gas fumes, displacement by a hurried donning or putting off of gas masks, may at any moment leave the soldier, whose clear vision is absolutely dependent upon glasses, completely helpless.

THE constant piling up of the tiny scars left by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune is what makes us old.

So that military standards, while accepting a man whose vision in both eyes can be brought up to a high level by means of glasses, insist upon his possession in at least one eye (usually the right for rifle-sighting purposes) of at least half of perfect or two thirds of average practical vision. And these men, whose vision is defective for fighting purposes, are valuable workers for national service at home.

The next highest cause of unfitness and rejection was the teeth. Nearly ten per cent. were rejected by the Army for this cause.

Again it is somewhat of a consolation to find that an even larger number of would-be soldiers of our Allies fell before the dental tests, so that the firmly believed popular myth of the superior badness of American teeth is again punctured for the eighth or tenth time. But one can hardly help feeling a lively sympathy with the burly six-foot Scot who, on being rejected from military service on no graver count than a mouthful of dreadfully dilapidated teeth, indignantly burst forth, "Mon, yere makin' a gran' mistak! Ah'm no wantin' to bite th' enemy; ah'm wantin' to shoot 'im!"

But though primitive methods of combat with tooth and claw have gone into the discard, yet just as an army "travels on its stomach" so it does truly fight with its teeth. Men will stand cold and wet and rough fare and gruelling marching and fighting in the most extraordinary fashion so long as they have no enemy traitors within, in the shape of pockets and dens of infectious "bugs" or germs. And of all the robbers' dens and lurking centres of smouldering Bolshevism in the body politic the pouches and pockets and abscesses formed around decayed teeth are far and away the worst and most dangerous.

One of the most striking things to the medical observer on the Western Front, even in the sleet and snow, and slush and bottomless mud of the trenches in Flanders, in late winter and early spring, was the extraordinary rarity of rheumatism and rheumatic inflammations of muscles and joints and nerves. There was much less of it, in fact, than in the civilian populations at home during the same period. Part of this, of course, was due to the splendid and rigidly inspected food and the pure water and the protection from general infections, like typhoid and dysentery and diarrhoea. But I am convinced that much of it was the result of the high standards maintained and the excellent care taken of the soldiers' teeth by the splendid staffs of dentists attached to each division and base hospital.

OUR age is determined not so much by the years that have passed over our heads, as by the colds that have passed through them.

Tommy and Jacques love to be fussed with when they have time to kill, and a hollow or broken tooth furnishes an excellent excuse for frequent leaves and permissions to visit the base or divisional headquarters towns with their bustle and shops and life.

One of the next heaviest causes of rejection by the draft boards was deafness, or diseases and defects of the ear. At this age nine-tenths of defective hearing is due to colds, catarrh, and other infections of the nose and throat, which have climbed up the connecting Eustachian tubes to the ear drum, causing earache and either thickening of the drum or perforation, with discharge from the ear. Taking this group together with part of the so-called "respiratory" rejections, some of the tuberculous and a considerable share of "underdevelopment" misfits, which were probably due to adenoids and other chronic obstructions of the nose and throat, we have a "throat and nose" group almost equal in size to the dental.

As nearly all of these chronic catarrhal conditions can be prevented from developing by proper attention to the noses and throats of children during and after colds, and the infectious diseases of childhood, particularly measles, scarlet fever, and diphtheria, they may be counted as at least three fourths preventable. The national movement, in 1918, to save a hundred thousand children's lives, if properly followed up, ought to do much within the next ten years, when those who are now children will be reaching military age.

This gives something like forty per cent. of the entire rejections for causes which, though disquieting and disabling for military purposes, are really not such as to justify any grave misgivings about the essential stamina and racial vigor of the nation.

When we come now to the graver and more serious constitutional defects of health and of vitality—such as heart disease, rheumatism, chronic inflammation of the kidneys, tuberculosis, diseases of the nervous system, hernia, and mental deficiency—we find each of them covering a much smaller percentage of the total draft rejections. On the whole it is rather a curiously uniform group, ranging from about three to five per cent. each, which though adding up to a considerable amount in the total, distribute the breakdowns of the human machine so nearly evenly throughout its whole structure as to give little ground for fears as to its structural unsoundness and weakness at any one point.

The human machine never goes to pieces all at once. Out of a large group of men of any age or condition, who break down under the stresses and strains of life, one's lungs will give way, another's nervous system will succumb, another the heart blood-vessels, and the liver or kidney of another. So long as no one of these local breakdowns rises above a certain percentage of what might be called natural wear

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"The best way to live to be a hundred is to get a chronic disease and then sit down and take care of it"

and tear and depreciation, there is no valid ground for alarm or lamentations over it as one of our great national defects. Nor yet as the special penalty of modern rush and hurry and strain, or of the abnormal and artificial conditions of our twentieth century civilization.

We must remember that the total rejections by the draft boards were only between one fourth and one third of the whole number of men examined, which brings down the actual total of the more serious constitutional defects of heart, lungs, etc., to an average of about one per cent. It certainly can hardly be said from these figures that the stomach, blood vessels, lungs, and nervous system of young America are showing signs of decadence under the strain of American living and working conditions.

On the other hand it is a matter of grave national concern that so large a body of young men, in what should be one of the healthiest decades of human life, should suffer at all from these grave constitutional defects. The more carefully and patiently we study the causation of chronic diseases of kidneys, blood vessels, lungs, heart, and nerves, the more overwhelming becomes the proof that the vast majority of them are due to the after effects of uncured or carelessly treated infections, particularly colds and the mild and supposedly trivial diseases of childhood. Every case of infection in childhood or young life that

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can be prevented diminishes the risk of a serious breakdown or chronic disease later on in life. Infections that spread from mouth to mouth and nose to nose accounted for nearly eight per cent. of the total rejections.

Even after an attack of infection has occurred, two thirds of the risk of these chronic "settlings" of the virus in the kidneys, blood vessels, nerves, etc., can be avoided by prolonged rest in bed until the patient is entirely well, followed by abundance of rest and play in the open air.

One medical philosopher has even declared that the best way to live to be a hundred is to get a good chronic disease and then sit down and take care of it.

In the earlier days of the draft examinations, if a young man showed a definite disqualifying effect he was promptly dropped and returned to civil life. The Army wanted only perfect specimens and wanted them at once, so that it could not undertake any responsibility for the care of those whose defects were remediable and who might be brought to a proper military standard by treatment and training.

But the regret increased that so many splendid young men, who had only one defect and that a curable one, should be lost to the Army and to the nation. In consequence the habit gradually grew, at first in much misgivings and doubt, of accepting for military service young men whose defects gave promise of being curable, on condition that they would submit to the necessary surgical, medical, and gymnastic treatment.

Among the first to be salvaged in this way was, curiously enough, a group of surgical defects headed by hernia or rupture, chronic appendicitis, localized abscesses in various parts of the body, certain forms of flat foot or spray foot, and diseased or decayed teeth and gums. The latter class were usually required to have their dental defects corrected by their own dentists, but frequently they were referred to public dental hospitals or other clinics and considerable pains taken to see that they secured proper attention either free or for a minimum charge.

No one of these troubles ranked very high in the list of causes for rejection. Flat foot, for instance, reached nearly four per cent. and hernia the surprising amount of nearly eight per cent., thus making it next after dental defects on the list of unfitness. As this disease is practically ninety-five per cent. curable by a somewhat delicate but perfectly safe operation, it will be seen that a wonderful addition to the working power of the nation was gained by this remedial treatment alone.

Of those who were rejected outright for tuberculosis or the more serious forms of heart, kidney, and nervous diseases, great pains were taken to put such men in touch with organizations and hospitals and sanatoria and rest camps. A most admirable and well thought-out scheme was put in operation through the municipal and state and national tuberculosis organizations for the prompt reception into open air sanitoria of drafted men rejected for tuberculosis. It was later discovered that the draft boards had erred on the side of caution and safety, and that a considerable number, amounting in some instances to a third or more of those who had been rejected as tuberculous, were found to be suffering only from bronchitic or catarrhal conditions of the respiratory passages. A few months of rest and life in the open air and good feeding were able to entirely cure them.

But the Army boards did not stop with this; and soon there grew up in the Army itself a series of organizations known as "Development Battalions." Into these were deliberately drafted all soldiers showing curable forms of defect, who had slipped by the local draft boards, for the special purpose of endeavoring by medical and surgical treatment, dieting and gymnastic training to bring them up to the standard. Development Battalions were formed in almost every cantonment in the country and did splendid work in restoring to vigor and usefulness thousands of young men who were suffering from curable forms of heart disease, of digestive disturbances, of flat foot, and of respiratory diseases. Finely equipped Army sanitoria for tuberculosis were established in North Carolina, Colorado, and New Mexico.

These were only beginning to reach their full usefulness when the war came to an end, but they were a splendid and successful attempt to add something to the credit side of national health, vigor, and working power, as an off-set to the wanton and ghastly destruction of war.

DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

ONE of the bright edges of the ugly storm of war through which we have just passed appeared in the Development Battalions. A boy from your town, drawn in the draft, was found below standard, physically. He was sent to a Development Camp and his case studied. Care and thought were given by experts. Exercises and a curriculum of life were given to him that would make him a sturdier and therefore a better citizen. The lives of hundreds of our boys will be happier, more efficient, and more a service to the country for this training. Dr. Woods Hutchinson will tell of these Development Camps in his article which we shall publish in May.

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In the upper picture Serbian refugees are returning to their homes. The lower one is a street scene in Monastir

JUGO-SLAVIA
THE NEW NATION

By Charles Downer Hazen

WHERE is Jugo-Slavia? Who are the people that make up this new nation? And what has been their history? These are among the questions answered by the distinguished historian, Charles Downer Hazen, in the following article. Mr. Hazen is an authority on modern European history. His books are notable for their interesting style as well as their sound scholarship. He is a lecturer in history at Columbia and at Johns Hopkins universities.

THE Jugo-Slavs or South Slavs (Jugo meaning "south") are those members of the great Slavic race who live in the Balkan Peninsula and in southern Austria and Hungary. They are distinguished from the North Slavs—that is, from the Czechoslovaks, the Poles, the Russians. This, the cardinal fact concerning the Slavonic race, must be grasped first. That race is divided into two main groups—the northern and the southern—and in between the two groups are three non-Slavonic races, the German, the Magyar, and the Rumanian. The southern group, with which we are here concerned, falls in turn into several sections—the Slovenes, the Croats, the Serbs, and the Bulgars. The Bulgars may be ignored in our study, as for

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The main street of Kragujevatz, where a Serb arsenal is located

various historical reasons they have no sympathy with nor interest in the movement that is seeking the creation of the new state of Jugo-Slavia.

Serbia is giving way to Jugo-Slavia, somewhat as Piedmont gave way to Italy half a century ago. Jugo-Slavia is not merely a Greater Serbia, magnified and strengthened by the happy termination of the war. Jugo-Slavia is something different. What it is I shall now attempt to explain, nor will the explanation be entirely easy, since the elements entering into this new political creation which will emerge in some form or other from the Conference of Paris are many, and their interrelations always intricate and frequently confused.

The original home of the Southern Slavs was western and southern Russia. They entered the Balkan Peninsula in the sixth and seventh centuries of our era, and were thus a part of those vast and long-continued migrations of the barbarians of northern and eastern Europe into the Roman Empire. The name by which these various tribes were called, upon their first appearance upon the margin of Italy, was "Slovene," now applied only to that branch located in the country northeast of the Adriatic Sea. The terms Croat and Serb did not emerge until the ninth century, and it is indicative of the essential identity of these two stocks that these names were long used interchangeably. These Southern Slavs came not as a single nation under a single ruler but as kindred though unconnected tribes, responding to a common impulse. They were seeking a place in the sun. The conditions in which they found themselves in their new homes tended to keep them apart. These tribes, essentially one, became, in the course of the next centuries, divided geographically and economically, as well as in faith and written language.

The northeastern block, the Slovenes, fell under the influence of the Germans who, sweeping down through the Alps, forced them to recognize their suzerainty and their religion, the Roman Catholic. The Slovenes became subjects of the House of Hapsburg, and settled in provinces surrounded by Germans and dominated by Germans. That they were not submerged and absorbed in the German flood was owing to the political weakness of the House of Hapsburg, long threatened by powerful neighbors. The Croats, who settled south and east of the Slovenes in the general region that appears on modern maps as Croatia and Slavonia, developed a duchy of Croatia which became in time a kingdom. From the ninth century to the end of the eleventh, this state was governed by native princes, upon whose extinction it was conquered by Hungary. Croatia has been connected with Hungary since 1102. Hungary in turn came under the House of Hapsburg in 1527, upon the extinction of its own royal line. For eight centuries, then, the fortunes of Croatia have been intertwined with those of the Hungarian state, and for four centuries with those of the Hapsburg family.

Meanwhile, the Serbs, east and south of the Croats, were going their separate way, under princes of their own. The kingdom of Serbia, under the Nemanja dynasty, played an important and sometimes a brilliant rôle in the Middle Ages. In its greatest days it extended throughout most of the Balkans and dominated the peninsula. It produced a code of law that compared favorably with any then in existence in western Europe, in the enlightenment of its principles and its methods. It developed a prosperous commerce and it achieved works of promise in the arts, particularly in architecture. Its greatest king was Stephen Dushan who lived in the fourteenth century, a real statesman and a mighty conqueror who died mysteriously of poison when at the very height of his power, and when his armies were approaching Constantinople with excellent chances of success (1356). It was under him that medieval Serbia reached its zenith. Master of the greater part of the Balkan Peninsula, vigorous in body and in mind, and only fifty years of age, he seemed marked for incalculable destinies. Had his scheme of seizing Constantinople succeeded, the whole course of

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European history might have been changed; for then that incomparable city might never have fallen into the hands of the Turks, who were already hovering upon the fringe of Europe preparing to descend upon her. Then would southeastern Europe have been spared five hundred years of misery, ignominy, and decay. But Dushan died, and his army of eighty thousand men turned back, bearing the body of the great ruler to a monastery which he had founded in Prizren, and there they buried him. "In that tomb," says a recent writer, "was laid the future of Serbia."

Thirty years later occurred the great disaster of Serbian history. On Kosovo Field (the "Field of Blackbirds") two armies met, the armies of the Turks and Serbs, in stubborn and desperate battle. The Serbs were in the end overwhelmed by weight of numbers; the Turkish victory was complete. Then and there the fate of the Balkan Peninsula was decided for five hundred years. The Battle of Kosovo, on June 15, 1389, which was a death-blow to Serbian independence, burned itself into the consciousness of the Serbian people as Flodden Field did into that of the Scotch, as Bunker Hill and Bull Run burned themselves into our own. Legends grew up about it and were embedded in the ballads of the people, the "Kosovo Cycle." But the memories of their great king, Stephen Dushan, and of the field of their defeat formed the continuing vital spark of the national existence, five centuries later as vivid as yesterday.

The citadel at Nisch, a city second only to Belgrade in commercial and strategic importance

This crowning disaster did not mean the complete and immediate extinction of Serbia, but it so weakened that country that her fighting henceforth was for a losing cause. The Turkish conquest of the Balkan Peninsula was in process for nearly a century. Constantinople fell in 1453. Smederevo, in the north, the last refuge of independent Serbia, was taken in 1459 and Serbia then ceased to exist. Bosnia was conquered in 1463, Herzegovina in 1476, and Montenegro in 1499. Only a small part of Montenegro proved an impregnable rock, beating back successfully repeated Turkish onslaughts. Montenegro thus remained the shrine and the guardian of Serbian liberty through succeeding centuries.

But there were Serbs elsewhere than in these native states whose independence was now extinguished. As we have seen the Slovenes, who are Serbs under another name, had early been incorporated in German Austria and the Croatians in Hungary. These were greatly reënforced, as a result of the continuing Turkish conquests, by Serbs who fled to them as a refuge. From 1479 to 1483 more than two hundred thousand Serbian fugitives settled in southern Hungary, and many others escaped to Croatia and Slavonia. Thus, since the middle of the sixteenth century all these regions have possessed a thoroughly Serbo-Croatian character. In them the traditions of Serbian greatness and glory and independence were kept alive. These Austrian and Hungarian Serbs rendered invaluable services to the House of Hapsburg, and when the danger passed were requited with ingratitude. Privileges were granted them in moments of crisis, only to be revoked when fair weather came again. The Southern Slavs fought on many a famous battlefield of Europe, as the Czechoslovaks, the Northern Slavs have in our own day fought in our interest and those of our Allies in the lonely stretches of Siberia and Russia. They hoped for autonomy within the Austrian Empire, real self-government beneath the ægis of the House of Hapsburg. They received increasing despotism and attempted Germanization and Magyarization.

Throughout this period of utter gloom, two things stood forth, slight harbingers of hope, which kept them united by keeping alive the Serbian tradition of freedom and essential unity. One was the splendid popular national ballads which passed from mouth to mouth and from generation to generation, supremely educative and heartening, full of fire and instinct with an imperishable patriotic feeling. Secondly, the priests of

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their churches, peasants like their flocks, soon found that they could lead the latter only by embodying the sense of racial solidarity and patriotism, only by feeding the flames of national devotion, only by preserving the pious memories of the past. But, after all, these ballads and these priests passed unnoticed by the general eye of Europe. If anywhere in Europe there was a cause that could be considered irremediably lost, it was that of Serbian independence. The sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries came and went, bringing no glimmer of relief or of encouragement to the Southern Slavs.

THEN came the nineteenth century! It started wonderfully, with the Napoleonic epic. It continued extraordinary throughout. It left the world profoundly altered. And among its notable exploits were the things it did to the Balkan Peninsula.

The first thing it did was this: Napoleon, having conquered Austria and deprived her of Istria, Gorizia, Carinthia, and Carniola, together with a part of Croatia, united all these provinces and also Dalmatia, and erected them into the Kingdom of Illyria, an ethnographically coherent unit, a Southern Slav state, containing members of all three branches of the race—Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. This Kingdom of Illyria lived, it is true, only a few years; but it aroused among the Southern Slavs high hopes of ultimate and complete unification. This experience rendered easier the adoption in our own day of another common title, Jugo-Slav, in place of the same variety of terms.

At the same time that the Kingdom of Illyria was being evoked out of former Austrian and Venetian provinces, others of this divided South-Slavic race, namely the Serbs who were subject to Turkey, were attempting to gain their independence and a separate statehood once more. The Serbs rose in 1804 under the leadership of a peasant swine-herd, Kara George, fought the Turks for thirteen years, cleared them out of part of their former territory, and succeeded in organizing a national state. Their achievement, like that of the Kingdom of Illyria, proved ephemeral. The Turks came back in renewed force and crushed the new state after most sanguinary fighting. Then the Serbs, after a short interval, broke out again, their resolution unquenchable. This time they achieved lasting results. In 1817 the Sultan recognized Serbia as a principality, under the suzerainty of the Turkish Empire. Partial self-government, not independence, had been won. Serbia was the first state to arise in the nineteenth century out of the dismemberment of European Turkey. It did not gain its complete independence until the Congress of Berlin in 1878. Greece obtained hers earlier, thanks to the powerful aid of Russia, England, and France. But the Serbs had won their autonomy alone, unaided. Other Balkan states emerged from the Congress of Berlin with boundaries defined and with complete independence, like Rumania and Montenegro (which had never wholly lost it), or with partial independence, like Bulgaria. The map of the Balkans assumed in 1878 that form and color which were to characterize it down to the wars of 1912 and 1913. During the intervening period the principle of nationalism operated with extraordinary and incessant force. The Balkan peoples, stirred and fired by the successes of the Italians and the Germans in realizing their national aspirations, thought themselves entitled to a similar destiny and were willing and resolved to make every sacrifice in the attainment of it.

But the Serbs of Serbia were not satisfied with the boundaries and position of their state as sanctioned by the Congress of Berlin. For outside the kingdom were more Serbs than lived within it. The kingdom ought to contain all the Serbs. The conception of a Greater Serbia grew steadily clearer and more clamorous during the years that stretched from 1878 to 1912. But also, toward the end of that period, another ideal was slowly coming into existence, and was seemingly destined in the end to eclipse the dream of a Greater Serbia. The new ideal was that of a Jugo-Slavia, an ideal that differs from and yet resembles that of Greater Serbia. For Jugo-Slavia is, in method and in content, an original conception. Which of the two ideals would win, if either, was not clear, nor is it quite clear yet, as the preliminary discussions of the Conference of Paris plainly disclose. Jugo-Slavia, should it come into existence, would be simply the land or the country of the Southern Slavs.

"If there are miracles in history, the Jugo-Slav movement is a miracle," says one of the most competent writers on this subject, and in saying this he had in mind just these difficulties to which allusion has been made. One which he mentions is this: In 1914 the Southern Slavs were divided into thirteen separate administrative units depending upon fifteen legislative bodies. This situation had been brought about by a long train of historical causes covering a thousand years. Consider what wonderful opportunities were thus offered for accentuating differences, for developing friction, for impeding coöperation and the growth of any sense of unity. Fifteen separate legislatures making the laws for a people thus split into compartments! The Slovenes were to be found in five Austrian provinces, each with its own provincial assembly and all under the direct rule of Austria. These provinces were Carniola, Carinthia, Styria, Istria, and Gradiska. Trieste and its district were also under the direct control of Austria, but with a diet of their own. The Serbo-Croats of Istria and Dalmatia were in the same position. The Serbs of Hungary belonged in large measure to Hungary proper, and we must never forget that Hungary is a separate state from Austria, united with it only for certain specified purposes. The Croats of Hungary had a special position, in that Croatia, by the compromise of 1868, was entitled to autonomy. Fiume, the sea-port of Croatia and Hungary, had an administration of its own. Bosnia and Herzegovina had a different status still; they belonged neither to Austria nor to Hungary but were under the dual control of both combined. They also possessed a diet of their own. All these provinces and districts were governed by the two parliaments in Vienna and Budapest. So much for the Southern Slavs, who were subjects of the House of Hapsburg. But outside of the boundaries of Austria-Hungary were two independent South-Slav states, Serbia and Montenegro. And, down to the Balkan War of 1912, many Serbs living in Macedonia were under Turkish rule.

Historical evolution had also introduced other di-

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A typical Serbian farmhouse, showing thatched roofs and strange corner ornamentations to give better drainage

visions among the Southern Slavs. When the great split in the Christian Church came in the eleventh century, the Slovenes and Croatians became Roman Catholics, the Serbs accepting the Greek Orthodox Church. The former necessarily fell under the cultural influence of Rome, the latter under the cultural influence of Constantinople. This differentiation showed itself in the alphabet. For, though the language of all the Southern Slavs was fundamentally the same, the Slovenes and Croatians wrote it in the Latin alphabet, while the Serbians used the Cyrillic, a modified form of the Greek alphabet. Thus, while the spoken language of the Southern Slavs sounded like one language, the written form made it look like two.

Still another variation was introduced when the Serbs were conquered by the Turks. Many Serbs became Mohammedans in the hope of more favorable treatment. Thus the Southern Slavs are divided by religion. Some are Roman Catholic, some Greek Orthodox, and some Mohammedans. Any one who knows how closely politics and religion are connected in various European countries will recognize the strength of this particular obstacle to political amalgamation.

But all these obstacles have been swept aside, all these powerful differences have been adjusted, and political amalgamation is, apparently, about to be achieved. This is the miracle, the full marvel of which could only be appreciated through prolonged study and reflection. And the miracle has been wrought by a single agency, the famous House of Hapsburg. The statecraft of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy will enjoy the unintentional (and undesired) honor of having created Jugo-Slavia. It was Austro-Hungarian misrule, long continued and many-sided, that alienated forever the Southern Slavs who live within the boundaries of that monarchy, as the majority of the Southern Slavs did. Particularly responsible for this situation was the ruling caste of Hungary, the Magyars, who stopped at nothing in their cool and callous purpose to Magyarize forcibly all the other races within the limits of Hungary—and millions of Croatians and Serbs lived within those limits. Magyar oppression finally undermined the much enduring loyalty of the Serbo-Croats, and made them accessible to other sentiments less calculated to exalt the influence and prestige of the House of Hapsburg. Croatian disaffection finally reached the point where it merely bided its time for explosion.

That time came when the arrogant policy of the House of Hapsburg had produced its fruits, a policy culminating in that ultimatum of 1914 which shocked the whole world by its brutality and which called the whole world to arms.

One purpose of the war, thus wantonly begun, was the settlement of the question of the Southern Slavs in a manner satisfactory to Austria-Hungary. That state already ruled over the large majority of the Southern Slavs. Now she was resolved to conquer Serbia and then she would control them all. These people were intended to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for

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Hapsburgs and Germans and Magyars, and thus they should be. This was only one of the purposes of the war but it was necessarily precedent to the others.

The conquest of Serbia did not proceed, however, according to schedule. From August to December, 1914, the Austro-Hungarians made three invasions of Serbia and each time they were defeated. On August 20-21, the Serbians won a decided victory, the first serious defeat of the Teutonic armies. Well may a Serbian writer say with pride: "This little Serbia, of whom Austro-Hungarians spoke with contempt, won the first general battle on a European front; and her success, thrilling the hearts of the soldiers of the Allies, contributed to the Russian advance in Galicia, and set a fine example and was a good augury for the brave men who won the battle of the Marne." In November the Austrians, after elaborate preparations on a far ampler scale, advanced again far into Serbian territory, this time resolved to crush this annoyance and humiliation. For a while all went well, but only for a while. Suddenly the retreating Serbs turned, attacked the enemy with fury, and sent him spinning in a headlong retreat, panic-stricken, abandoning transport and wounded, throwing away rifles and ammunition, and leaving motor cars and guns. The Serbian victory was complete. But the defeated left behind them a reminder of their passage in the contagious diseases which they brought into Serbia, and which developed into epidemics which woefully decimated the ranks of the Serbian army and population. Serbia's victory had been the work of a peasant soldiery over the overwhelming forces of a well-equipped and disciplined army. In it there was rich material for future legends, so replete was it with heroic deeds.

But the Austrians were resolved to wipe out this disgrace, to repay this defeat with interest. They had, however, learned circumspection. They would take no chances. Only when the moment was ripe, and the conditions favorable would they move again. They found this moment in October, 1915, when back they came, thus time discreetly reenforced and even led by the Germans and aided by the Bulgarians, to whom a part of Serbia had been promised. This German-Austrian-Bulgarian army proceeded to overrun and to crush Serbia. It did it with vindictive thoroughness. Had the Serbians been as "valorous" as the Germans were in the fall of 1918, they would have made peace forthwith in view of the overwhelming numerical superiority of the enemy. But they preferred honor and martyrdom to a shameful peace, to treason toward their allies. They were true to their ancestors of Kosovo. They did not save their country, but they saved their honor and they showed once more the stuff of which they were made. They paid a fearful price. Among all the victims of the war none have drunk a bitterer cup.

Driven from their own country the Serbians never for a moment thought of surrendering. But if they would not surrender they must be prepared to tread the path of Golgotha. Retreat was possible only over the barren, forbidding mountains of Albania to the Adriatic Sea. Unspeakable were the hardships experienced by the Serbians—cold, starvation, death. One of those who shared in this retreat, Vladislav Savic, has written this concerning it: "No words can depict the terrible physical pains and mortal agony which the Serbs underwent in their retreat through Albania. It was not the retreat of an army, but the exodus of a nation. . A painful operation was to be performed before climbing the black Montenegrin and bare Albanian mountains. Retiring always under the enemy's pressure, ceaselessly fighting on every advantageous position, the Serbian soldiers were terribly exhausted, and their ammunition was nearing its end. As it was impossible to take them over goat tracks, the heavy cars and field guns were destroyed in the sight of the soldiers The whole army was arranged to be carried on horseback and made as light as possible. . . For all those who took part in the retreat through Albania, the memory of those days will be as an evil dream that will haunt them to the end of their lives, an evil dream of human misery and pitiful helplessness against a merciless fate. . . The royal family, also, in this wholesale suffering, shared unreservedly the lot of the Serbian army and nation."

Finally the Adriatic was reached by those who survived the concentrated horrors of the journey. The island of Corfu became their refuge. Rehabilitated and reorganized, these indomitable Serbs reappeared in their native land two years later and helped in its deliverance. They fought their way northward in the campaign of 1918, and the signing of the armistice found them on the Danube once more. The wheel had come clear round again. Serbia's record in this war is one of imperishable honor, of flawless loyalty, and of sufferings and sacrifices which have hardly been exceeded elsewhere, if indeed they have been equalled. She has probably lost more than a million of her petty population of four million and a half. Such sacrifices command the profoundest respect of mankind.

Out of the long-continued misrule of Austria-Hungary, and out of the fiery furnace of the war, will emerge, as it now appears, the new South Slavic state. It will not be a Greater Serbia nor a Greater Croatia. It will be a union on a plane of equality of the various branches of the race, each preserving its own individuality but all fused into a common nation. In July, 1917, there was drawn up by representatives of the various elements the Pact of Corfu which, should it be recognized in the decisions of the Conference of Paris, will constitute the basis of a new state. "The name of this state," says the second article of the Pact, "will be the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes." The state will be a constitutional democratic monarchy. The former flags of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes may be hoisted freely on all occasions, but there shall also be one flag for the new state. All religions shall be recognized and may be freely and publicly practised. The Cyerillic and Latin alphabets shall enjoy equal rights and may be freely used in all the territory."

The collapse of Austria in the war which she started has resulted in the liberation of the Croats and Slovenes. The magnificent loyalty and heroism of Serbia have won for her the confidence and the leadership of the Southern Slavs. What the final constitution of the new state may be, and what its boundaries, remain to be seen. But one thing seems certain. Of the three new states which will appear upon the future map of Europe, one will be Jugo-Slavia.

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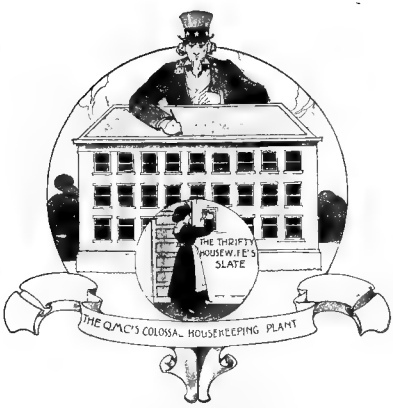

Mrs. Q.M.C.'s three-story concrete building covers seventeen acres

HOUSEKEEPING IN KHAKI

By David M. Hayes

Decorations by J. Paul Verrees

THE American soldier in this war gained in weight an average of twelve pounds a year. Our Army came back 18,000 tons heavier than when it went away. All American mothers will rejoice to learn that the necessity of making the world king-proof turned out, also, to be the greatest weight and health producer ever devised.

Magazine covers picture our returning crusaders in the arms of their loved ones at home, presenting helmets to their sweethearts, telling the story of the missing arm or leg. A more solemn, if not more accurate, picture would show them vainly struggling to make the clothes they left behind them cover their bulging chests and thighs.

Secretary of War Baker is proud of this record. This war, he tells us, has been the healthiest in history. The test he applies is the number of deaths from disease. The best previous record, twenty-five per thousand per year, was attained by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War. Our record in this war was only eight per thousand per year.

Now, whose is the credit for this embarrassing state of health among our troops?

Answer: Largely the good housekeeping of our Army. The Medical Corps did heroic service in keeping disease bugs away; but the cooks, bed makers, and clothing designers of the Army helped make the bodies of our boys an inhospitable place for those same bugs to move into. In fact, the work of their Greatest Mother was much lightened by their Greatest Housekeeper, the Quartermaster Corps.

Behold now the job faced by this Greatest Housekeeper. Her Army home stretched across 5,000 miles of land and sea, and she was being blessed with a family increase of 350,000 a month! You can see that Mrs. Q. M. Corps had to rustle her skirts to some purpose. In one year she was given to spend five and a half billion dollars, five times the total expenses of the United States before the war. Her job of getting supplies, as Acting Quartermaster General Wood has said, "became more complex than any problem that has ever been faced before in this country."

How was it done? Well, I have visited Her Colossal Domesticity; I have tagged about after her as she did her marketing with a basket on her arm; I have watched her with pins in her mouth, sewing clothes for her Sammy; I have heard her neighbors talk about her behind her back; and I want to say that she was too

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vast, too much up on her toes, too much everywhere at once for me to attempt a full explanation of her worth.

Take, for instance, her marketing figures. Every business-like housewife has a slate on her kitchen wall where she sets down her needs and the money spent. Mrs. Q. M. C. expanded this slate into a three-story concrete building which can house 9,000 people and covers the space of a small-sized farm—seventeen acres. It took one and a half freight cars full of putty for its windows; the drain pipe which carries the rain off the roof is forty inches in diameter; and each day within this building the telephone is used 25,000 times. This structure is called the Munitions Building.

Altogether, when the fighting ceased, 300,000 Q. M. C. workers distributed over the world were helping to "housekeep" our boys; and this does not include thousands of other workers connected with other institutions who gave part-time assistance. (It should be explained here that, when we say "Quartermaster Corps," we really mean the offices of the Director of Purchase and Storage which grew out of the old Quartermaster organization and swallowed it up. Outside of annual reports and official correspondence, however, it is the same old "Q. M. C.")

Our Army was housekept to victory because the workers in the Munitions Building vigilantly watched the figures.

First, there is food. Before the Q. M. C. went to market, it had to decide what kind of food it wanted. Now, Army food is figured in terms of "rations," or breakfast, dinner, and supper for one soldier. With the advice of the General Staff, which contributed wisdom and experience, and that of the Medical Corps, the Army's family physician, four main rations were arranged. There was the garrison ration to be eaten in cantonments in this country; the field ration for training in France; the special reserve ration for front-line fighting; and the water- and gas-proof emergency ration, which is carried on the soldier's person and eaten only when he is completely isolated and in desperate straits.

The garrison ration consists of twenty-seven articles, including such items as beef, soup, bread, vegetables, dried fruits, coffee, milk, butter, and seasonings. Soap, candles, matches, and towels, which are included as part of this ration, are furnished free in such quantities as the men require. This ration costs about fifty cents and weighs a little more than four and a half pounds. The field ration is about the same in amount, although its variety is augmented by such food articles as the Commanding General sees fit. Twenty-four special reserve rations, which are commonly known as "trench rations," are packed in air-tight containers. In addition to the regular food, which is all canned, are hard bread, soluble coffee, and cigarettes. The greatest condensation is necessary in making up meals for No Man's Land. Ground meat and wheat are compressed into a single cake. Sweet chocolate is its special tid-bit.

An idea of what it meant to provide these rations is indicated by four of the items on the Q. M. C.'s marketing list: 400,000,000 pounds of potatoes and onions; 20,000,000 cans of evaporated milk; 119,000,000 cakes of hand soap; and 3,000,000,000 cigarettes, this last amount being sufficient for two smokes for each inhabitant of the earth.

Knowing how much it needed, the Q. M. C.'s next concern was to drive a good bargain. Soon it discovered that the U. S. Navy, England, France, and Italy were also in the market bidding against it for the same food. It learned, also, that in the case of some twenty-seven staple foods there might not be enough to go around. If the buyers bid against each other, they would unduly boost the price. Here was a matter which had to be gone into seriously.

The solution was the creation, by all the military buyers, of a Food Purchase Board. Since the U. S. Food Administration knew the location and extent of our crops, it was invited to become a member of the Board. Knowing that the question of costs would be discussed and learning that the Federal Trade Commission knew a lot about the investments and overheads of the food growers, the Board said to it: "Come, draw up a chair, Federal Trade." It also became a member.

Now prices! There was a "sticker." If they paid too much, they would create "profiteers" and their money wouldn't go round. If they paid too little, the farmers and cattlemen would cry, "Confiscation!" and quit work. Wise members from the chief war bureaus in Washington were called upon to help solve this problem. They became the Price Fixing Committee, and their labor constitutes one of the most extraordinary and valuable services in the war.

Having determined the amounts of food needed and the prices they could reasonably offer, the various military marketers took up the question of the actual buying. The crops had to be equably divided up, or allocated, among them. This task was performed by the Division of Co-ordination of Purchase of the Food Administration. The Quartermaster Corps, getting its allotment from this Division, glanced at the list handed it by the General Staff, which told it how many recruits were due to arrive on given dates at the various camps, and reached for a telegraph pad. Having foreseen that it would be impossible to handle from Washington food contracts with all our producers, it had established twelve Quartermaster Depots in large cities throughout the country. It now wired the Depots the amount of food each was to buy for the camps in the zone for which it was responsible. Thus Army buying was "decentralized."

The mountains of food began to arrive at the camps. The hosts of recruits answered the call of mess and ate their way through the mountains. The Camp Quartermasters looked on, gasped, and grasped telegraph blanks. "Add 5,000 beef; double the tomatoes; go slow on prunes; more sugar." Thus, in effect, the camp housekeepers wired the Depots.

The Depots made the necessary adjustments and wired the totals to Washington. The same thing was done, on a somewhat different system, by the quartermasters in France. In this way the chief of the Food Division at Washington, when he arrived at his desk every morning, could glance at a statistical graph and tell what the entire American Army had eaten in a month, or week, or even, if he wished, how much a

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single soldier was averaging at any camp on either side of the sea.

This graph was used by the food chiefs as the "appetite gauge" of our fighters. "You see," they explained to me, "the rule we make in feeding the boys is not to follow any theory of what we think might be good for them, but to give them what they were accustomed to get at home. Our guide of what to set before a soldier is the same as his mother's—to furnish more of what he eats a lot of and slow down on what he leaves on his plate. This graph shows us the condition of the dishes on the table when the soldiers have finished eating. Here is a camp down south which has eaten only half of its week's stock of rice and has exhausted its corn meal. Here is a Northern camp which is eating only a third of its corn meal and has its rice nearly cleaned up. To-morrow more rice will start north and more corn meal will embark for the South."

So much for the marketing slate of the Army's housekeeper. By this system of eternally watching the figures our boys were guaranteed what concerned them most—quantity. But there was another important factor—quality.

"We have only one standard for Army food," one of the chief food officers in the Q. M. C. at Washington explained, "and that is the best. All wise housekeepers know that the best is the cheapest. We know it, too, and we act upon that wisdom. We have a way of getting what we ask for, too. We don't worry about cost."

Attached to each Quartermaster Depot in the country is a corps of inspectors who watch every item of food from the time the seed is planted until it is served upon the mess tables at the camps. The inspectors are assisted by experts of the Food Administration and the Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture, the latter having had many years of experience in judging crops and food production processes of every kind.

Onions: inspectors went into the fields and watched them grow. Salmon: they traveled to the Columbia River and saw how they were being canned. Beef: they were in at the death of the slaughtered animals, noted the amount of ice with which they were shipped, checked up their condition on arriving in camp. And if the camp inspector found a carload of cow or bull meat (only steers were eaten by our Army family), it was returned. Unless the shipper immediately substituted the right beef, a carload was bought from another shipper and the first shipper was charged with the cost.

If a dealer tried to pass off "something just as good" upon the Q.M.C., and it became a difficult question to tell whether it was as represented, a sample of the food was sent to the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture for analysis. There it was submitted to the infallible fires and distillations of science. Did a certain brand of condensed milk have a safe margin of water? The chemists decided. Here was some baking powder; was it pure? The chemists pronounced. There also was that new food sensation, dehydrated vegetables; it was a marvelous saver of freight on the railroads and of space on the ships, but how about the flavor? This particular question was decided in favor of the vegetables, with the result that they were being ordered in vast quantities when the war stopped and Congress, without being asked, had appropriated $250,000 to help the good work along.

Another interesting problem occupied the attention of the Army food providers—the creation of new foods. In the main it followed the policy of feeding the boys at camp what they were accustomed to eat at home; but they were also open-minded on the subject. Besides, they were constantly receiving food concoctions from all over the country which were guaranteed to do everything under the sun. To handle these suggestions a Planning Bureau was created. When I called upon it, this Bureau was considering a "full meal" that could be crammed into a can no larger than your fist, a "tomato paste," and some artificial eggs which, in appearance, resembled a good deal the "gold dust" of the famous twins.

Sometimes this Bureau made real finds. It "passed" an apple paste concentrated into one fourth its original space and sold in the form of jelly-like bricks. A supply of it had just gone to a Southern camp to be made up into apple sauce, pies, and dumplings. Our fighters threatened to eat up all the pickles in the country. The nation's supply of cider vinegar had given out. Another cider was used—made from watermelon juice that would otherwise be wasted!

To this Bureau also went General Pershing's order that "soluble coffee" be put into the trench ration. This was produced, not by pulverizing the bean but by boiling up a good pot of coffee, extracting all the water, and leaving the essence of the real thing in a fine powder on the tip of a teaspoon.

As to the economies practised in buying, shipping, and preparing food for the Army family, I can give but a hint here; the whole story could easily fill all the pages of this magazine. It is impossible to give accurate estimates of total savings. Even the statistical wizards of the Q. M. C. confessed their inability to furnish them. But the figures they have given out are enough to give us a rough idea of how thrifty a housewife the Army is.

Take the famous army bean. Our soldiers consumed 125,000 pounds of them a day. The Grain Corporation of the Food Administration, by bargaining at once for all the Allied armies and for ours, buying in the fields while the crop was growing and paying spot cash on delivery, secured a price of about ten cents a pound. The current price, retail, is fifteen cents. The annual saving was about $2,281,000.

There is coffee, the story of which has been one of the industrial romances of this war. By constructing and operating sixteen of its own coffee roasting and grinding plants in France, the Q. M. C. effected a saving of two

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

TO WIN the war—that was the problem put up to the two children in Mr Butler's story, which we shall publish in the May number. And Mr. Butler has brought into the story that essentially American humor and the diverting point of view that has made his name so widely known in America. What the children did in this story, in their desperate efforts toward "Keeping up Grandma's Morale," is most amusing.

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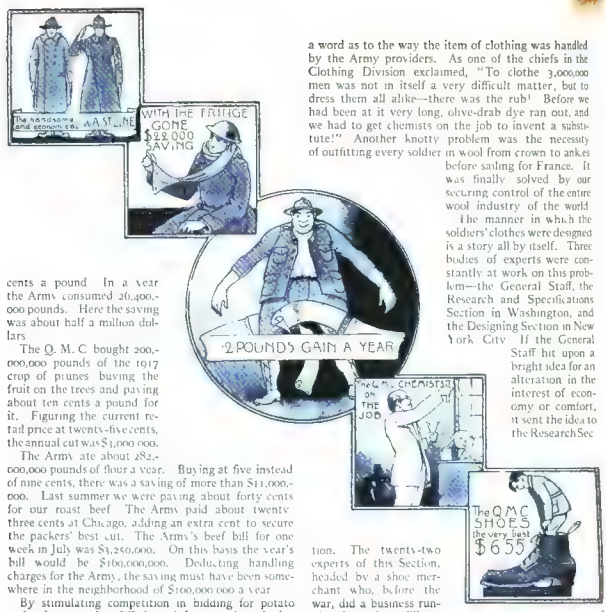
The handsome and economical WAISTLINE
WITH THE FRINGE GONE $22,000 SAVING
2 POUNDS GAIN A YEAR
Q.M.C. CHEMISTS ON THE JOB
The Q.M.C. SHOES the very best $6.55

cents a pound In a year the Army consumed 26,400,000 pounds. Here the saving was about half a million dollars

The Q. M. C bought 200,000,000 pounds of the 1917 crop of prunes buying the fruit on the trees and paying about ten cents a pound for it. Figuring the current retail price at twenty-five cents, the annual cut was $3,000 000.

The Army ate about 282,000,000 pounds of flour a year. Buying at five instead of nine cents, there was a saving of more than $11,000,000. Last summer we were paying about forty cents for our roast beef The Army paid about twenty three cents at Chicago, adding an extra cent to secure the packers' best cut. The Army's beef bill for one week in July was $3,250,000. On this basis the year's bill would be $169,000,000. Deducting handling charges for the Army, the saving must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of $100,000 000 a year

By stimulating competition in bidding for potato and onion crops last fall through its central marketing system, the Q. M. C. effected a saving of fifteen per cent. of the price first offered it by the producers. Last November the Q. M. C. bought 32,600,000 pounds of sugar, the largest sugar purchase in history. By acting as its own broker it saved more than $10,000. By paying spot cash it cut off nearly $100,000. By keeping a sharp eye on the industry, and by telegraphing all Depots to buy on a rising market, it saved another half a million, this being the difference between the price on September 7th and that of two days later.

This mass attack and scientific method, practised by the Q. M. C. in the matter of food, was also employed in the purchase of a world of other commodities needed by our fighting hosts. One of the most interesting documents in the Munitions Building is a catalogue of 25,000 of such articles. They include automobiles, cuspidors, ear protectors, grindstones, laces, mules, typewriters, band music, wringers, bells for pack animals, handcuffs and leg irons for German prisoners.

The home managers of America will be interested in a word as to the way the item of clothing was handled by the Army providers. As one of the chiefs in the Clothing Division exclaimed, "To clothe 3,000,000 men was not in itself a very difficult matter, but to dress them all alike—there was the rub! Before we had been at it very long, olive-drab dye ran out, and we had to get chemists on the job to invent a substitute!" Another knotty problem was the necessity of outfitting every soldier in wool from crown to ankes before sailing for France. It was finally solved by our securing control of the entire wool industry of the world

The manner in which the soldiers' clothes were designed is a story all by itself. Three bodies of experts were constantly at work on this problem—the General Staff, the Research and Specifications Section in Washington, and the Designing Section in New York City If the General Staff hit upon a bright idea for an alteration in the interest of economy or comfort, it sent the idea to the Research Sec tion. The twenty-two experts of this Section, headed by a shoe merchant who, before the war, did a business running into the millions, procured samples of the cloth needed, figured out the cost, and sent their findings to the Section in New York. The twenty expert tailors in this Section made up the new garments and returned them to Washington. These garments were tried out on soldiers training in a near-by camp, and judgment was pronounced.

One of the changes in the soldier's uniform achieved at a stroke economy, elegance, and comfort. The winter overcoats, because of their straight lines, were dubbed by some of their wearers as "coachman's rigs" and "night gowns." Experiments were made. The straight lines were cut on a curve in the belt region. Result, the cold wind was kept out, thousands of dollars were saved in cloth, and our soldier was given a handsome "waist line"!

These clothing experts also discovered that the fringe on the woolen mufflers used by motor truck and motorcycle drivers could be left off without lessening their efficiency. The result was a saving of $22,000.

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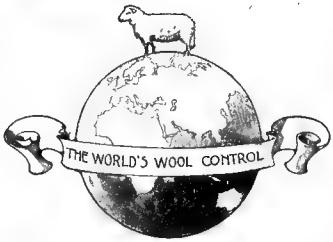


Shoes! Napoleon said that an army marches on its stomach. Our army furnishers knew better. Good shoes, good marchers, good fighters — that was their dictum on the subject. And what a problem! With the addition of drafted men to our regulars, the limits of army shoe lasts had to be extended to size four and a half for the smallest to number twenty, D width; for the largest! The seven seas were searched for the finest leather. Only the finest "bends" were accepted. A scientific fitting device was invented and used. As a result, when peace came, the Q. M. C. had ready the finest marching shoes ever produced, at a cost of $6.25.

Into the manufacture of clothes, shoes, and the thousands of other articles used by our fighters, went material whica had been subjected to rigid scientific tests as to strength and serviceability. A large part of this work was done by the Bureau of Standards at Washington. Because of the shortage of wool, the Bureau demonstrated new possibilities in low grade woolen fabrics. It was the guarantor of the lightness and warmth of the blankets that covered our boy at night. It set high standards for the razor blades with which he shaved himself, the soap he washed with, the ink with which he wrote his letters home, the very cigarette papers he used in "rolling his own."

Far out into the perilous outposts beyond the front line where he kept his cold and lonely vigil by night, the exacting skill of the Bureau's scientists followed him. When his fingers became so cold that he couldn't use them, he laid hold of handwarmers, built on the thermos principle, which he carried in his pocket. And the Bureau's scientists had seen to it that the heat would be in those handwarmers when it should be needed.

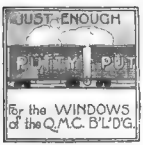
Now that the fighting has ceased, our Army housekeepers are as prudent and thrifty in disposing of their supplies as they were in collecting them. The time came to clean out the attics and cellars and sell back to dealers, or give away to the needy, as the case demanded. When the armistice was declared, the Q. M. C. had on hand, stored, supplies worth one and a half billions of dollars. This immense total is proof of the success of the Q. M. C.—it won its race of gathering supplies in advance of the swelling numbers of recruits.

No mushroom concerns, springing up over night, will be allowed, as after previous wars, to buy these supplies at low price sales and thereby disturb the market conditions of the country. Close bargains and careful distribution of sales will be made with much of this material. The needs of Governmental bodies will be taken care of first. The Post Office will get thousands of motor trucks. Enlisted men will be allowed to buy such articles as they desire. Mindful also of our needy neighbors, the Q. M. C. will make liberal prices for huge supplies to countries like Russia, Montenegro, and Ecuador.

This epic task of housekeeping could not have been performed without a man of genius to direct it. This man, the new Goethals of the great war, is Brigadier-General Robert E. Wood, Acting Quartermaster General and Director of Purchase and Storage. Great credit also belongs to General Wood's assistant, Mr. R. J. Thorne, for his tireless and unremunerated coöperation.

General Wood learned soldiering at West Point and in the Philippine campaigns; he was Chief Quartermaster of the Panama Canal; he was General Purchasing Officer of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and Director of the Army Transport Service in France. And he is not yet forty years of age.

It was Quartermaster Wood, the greatest of our great Army housekeepers, who last summer, when his thousands of co-workers were undergoing the triple strain of inadequate quarters, overwork, and record-breaking heat, gathered them all together in one building and said: "Your duty is just as important to the winning of this war as the conduct of the soldiers in the trenches; on you as on them depends the final outcome; and I want to remind you that the highest patriotism consists in giving the best that is in us without thought of reward."



A RECORD SUGAR PURCHASE

Last November the Q. M. C. bought 32,000,000 pounds of sugar—the largest sugar purchase in history

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AMERICANISMS

By Angelo Patri

ANGELO PATRI is the author of the following messages. "Americanisms," he calls them. As principal of a large public school in New York City he has created a web of interests which spreads from the school house through the entire community. The community goes to school, too, because Mr. Patri has awakened it to a vital interest in the life of the child. About once a month Mr. Patri writes one of these messages. They are then printed by the children on the school printing press, and a copy is given to each child after Mr. Patri or one of the teachers has read it to them at assembly. In this open forum the message is discussed, its application to each child's life made vivid and individual. Then they take the message to their homes, and read it to their parents. The school and the Americanism have come into the home. On the walls in a number of homes these messages have been placed in frames. They have become texts of an every-day life. And the community has reached the point where it looks eagerly forward to their coming.

TO THE CHILDREN OF MY SCHOOL

PUSH on, my children, push on! Ahead are the children of the next generation. You are to carry to them the spirit of America. I stand with you. I show you what went before. I see through the dimness of the centuries a gleaming silver line of light. 'Tis the line of Crusaders, steady, straight, strong, the quest of the Holy Grail, the search for freedom.

Back there, faint in the dawn of history, stand the gods, their very names lost in the long ago.

There are the prophets and the teachers and the law-givers, a mighty host.

There are Moses and those that followed him out of bondage.

There is Christ.

The line brightens and broadens.—It is nearer. I see some of the faces. There are Columbus, Washington, Lafayette—

There is Lincoln. There is Roosevelt.

There are the countless hosts that fought on the fields of Europe. The light streams from their faces. Their helmets gleam. Their swords flash fire. A fearless, dauntless, invincible army. On, on they move. They live. They urge you. They command you to go forward, to keep up the quest.

Man has labored through the ages that you might be born free. Man has fought that you might live in peace. He has left you the heritage of the ages that you, too, might carry on. It's on, on you must be going. You, too, are torch bearers of liberty. 'Twas for this you, the children of America, were born, were educated. Fulfil your destiny.

Life is the search for the Holy Grail.

When you have felt the light you have lived.

Push on, my children, push on!

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TOLERANCE

"LIVE and let live," is the way Americans have of saying they are careful of the rights, claims, and feelings of others. Only in this way could a great family of one hundred million people, gathered from the corners of the earth, live together in peace.

It took a little time for us to learn it. When a ship starts out on her maiden trip she runs hard. The parts do not fit each other. She must be warmed up a bit. The plates strain and creak; the engines pant and scream; the boat shivers and staggers on through the sea. Little by little things ease up. The plates settle down, the rivets hold fast, the stanchions pull and push, the engines purr, the parts all fit at last—each gives to each and each holds fast.

When the first settlements were made in America each was for each. The Quakers for Quakers, the Catholics for Catholics, the Protestants for Protestants. They were jealous of each other and made laws about what each could and could not do. Roger Williams said, "I think this is silly. This is what we ran away from. Let's have a place where everybody is welcome so long as he doesn't hurt his neighbor." He founded Rhode Island. Anybody who wanted to live there might do so. He might be of any color or creed. All that was asked of him was that he be a decent citizen.

Rhode Island started it. The Revolution finished it. Men who had fought together for freedom forgot all their differences and lived together. America was free to everybody who wished to live here. The big ship stopped creaking and sailed ahead.

Now we see our neighbors doing all sorts of queer things and we smile and go on. A man starts a new religion. A group of people follow him. We chuckle a little and make funny pictures of them in the newspapers. A few hundred years ago and we'd have stoned them to death.

Around election time everyone gets up on a soap box and shouts his belief at everybody else. Arms are waved and hats are tossed into the air. Then they go to the ballot box and vote. That settles it. The soap boxes disappear, everybody goes to work at the next thing. The man who is elected gets a fair show. In some other places he would be lucky to escape with his life. The big ship moves steadily along.

A WINNER

AN AMERICAN is just another name for a winner. A winner is the one who holds on a minute after he is "all in" It is that minute that costs the other fellow the victory. It is that minute that carries the American "over the top."

In every bit of work a man sets out to do there is one hard place. The getting ready is easy. He is fresh. He is enthusiastic. Then things begin to get hard. He slows up. He lowers his head and hunches his shoulders and pushes on. Now comes the brow of the hill. It seems as if there was no more breath in his lungs—that his heart won't carry him one beat more. Then his soul speaks out, "I'm here! Push on." And over the top he goes. He wins.

The Pilgrims starved and shivered and buried their dead. Then they sang a psalm and held on—and they won. The Catholic Fathers in the Mississippi Valley hungered and thirsted and prayed on. And *they* won.

In the Home Country the lad crowded in the little home, felt the push of poverty and the oppression of a harsh rule. He heard of the land of freedom, a place where fortunes were made. He dreamed of going. He planned what great things he would do in the new land. He worked and saved to get his passage money. At last he was ready. With a tiny box and a bundle he started out. He crossed the ocean on a crazy little sail boat. He was months on the way. He landed and found work. He worked hard and saved and built his home and founded a family. When he came to his hard places he set his teeth and pushed on.

"It's in the family," in America. We hold on, and we win. Our fathers did it and we do it.

Remember—An American is a winner.

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Photograph by Abbé

Sir Arthur Pearson became suddenly blind six years ago. He conquered his own blindness and has since dedicated himself to the service of blinded soldiers

TO BE A BETTER BLIND MAN

An Interview with Sir Arthur Pearson

By Leon Fleischman

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON smiled and fixed his sightless but alert eyes upon me as I frantically scraped the sulphurless match upon the box. I felt that he was enjoying and mocking my ineptitude. The match snapped. Sir Arthur laughed aloud.

"Never mind," he said, "the matches are really miserable. Here, take one of these." He rose and, walking swiftly to the mantel piled high with books and ornaments, picked up another box with unerring certainty. "What the deuce," said I to myself. "What's this—a trick?" A rapid motion of the fingers and the match was aflame; he held it while I lit my cigarette. "Got it? Good!" he remarked, as he smelled the smoke. Then he blew out the flame and tossed the charred splinter of the match into the grate.

I didn't even say "Thank you." I was too busy trying to reconcile my preconceptions to the facts in the case. Ordinarily, in speaking with a man who suffers from a great affliction, one tries to forget it, to ignore it. And here was I finding it of the greatest difficulty to remember it. I couldn't even console my confusion with the knowledge that Sir Arthur had been blind all his life, and consequently lived in a world as natural to him as is the world of sunlight to others; for Sir Arthur has been blind only six years.

That number of years ago he was one of the greatest publishers in England, collecting, as Richard Harding Davis said, newspapers and magazines as other men collect postage stamps and cigar bands. He was approaching very nearly the height of his meteoric career; he had wealth, power, and unlimited energy. And then he became blind, suddenly and almost without warning. A little while ago he had seen the world lying at his feet, and his gaze and ambition stretched over continents. Now, with hand raised before his face, with halting, shuffling foot, he moves a few inches at a time through the dark continent of Fear. The possible conquests and achievements of other men seemed to be snatched from him; there was left only the chance of victory over inanimate objects—of chairs and tables in the darkness of his life which stood to make each of

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his steps an heroic adventure. There was left, as we think, only a resignation to the inevitable.

Perhaps. Only Sir Arthur refused to take "the inevitable" seriously. He conquered his blindness. He treated it like a gift to be cultivated; he determined to become a virtuoso of blindness. He treated it like an incident in his career; he refused to let it hinder his development. He succeeded. He cultivated the gift to such an extent that every motion of his hand and foot is natural, unrestrained. In six years, as he himself said, he has become a "much better blind man." His gestures, his carriage, his keen glance as he listened to me in his room in a New York hotel the other day, were absolutely normal. For a little while I was uncomfortable. I wanted to look about and inspect the room; but somehow I couldn't shake off the notion that Sir Arthur would actually notice my apparent inattention. Willy-nilly, the naturalness, the normality of his action and temperament compelled acceptance, and I began to regard him as he asked me to—as "just an ordinary chap who can't see."

SIR ARTHUR had come to the United States at the invitation of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men. The results he had achieved in England as president of the National Institute for the Blind and as chairman of St. Dunstan's Hostel—the magnificent fifteen-acre estate in London which Otto Kahn loaned for the training and reëducation of blinded soldiers and sailors—the methods he had initiated and the philosophy he had preached so simply had become the inspiration of similar institutions on the continent as well as in this country. But the Red Cross Institute wanted the immediate influence of his personality; so he came and gave of it—to the inmates of hospitals, to audiences in crowded auditoriums, and to blinded and crippled people of every description who felt that he possessed some quality from which they could derive an actual, a vital benefit.

The first few minutes' conversation with him the other day did not immediately reveal that quality. I saw a tall, well set-up, carefully dressed man of commanding presence, with gray and thinning hair, whose full, highly colored, strongly featured face was constantly alive to reflect the emotions of the mind; and whose firm lips, with the slightest of variations, could express the tenderest sympathy, the frankest amusement as well and as quickly as they could denote sternness or scorn. His eyes were blue, alert; his gestures abrupt and decided; his voice sharp but well-bodied, and his words quickly found and crisply spoken. I saw a man who might have been a successful business man, or a lawyer, architect, engineer, or politician. I felt that this man talked and acted with the confidence of success. Was this the quality?

We were speaking of blindness. Sir Arthur was saying that the blind didn't want pity, that they wanted understanding; that while it was true enough that they had suffered a tragic misfortune, there were other chances as bad or worse which might have happened to them even if they had retained their sight, and that life, by all odds, could mean just as much to them.

"Abolish that confounded word 'affliction'," said Sir Arthur, almost irritably. "If you don't, a man will adopt the soul-destroying word and immediately give into and sink under the weight of it. That is true of everything in life. Stop moaning about the past; look ahead, get up, go on! Don't call these men blind; just think of them as normal men who cannot see."

Sir Arthur leaned over and, striking a match, lit a fresh cigar. He glanced at the glowing end in the casual, contemplative manner of the usual smoker. "Give a man something to do," he continued; "that is all that makes happiness in life, whether a man has all his senses or only a few. Ordinary people meet their crises in life and don't break, even though they thought they would—the loss of one most dear, of a hardly-won fortune, of what they had considered the foundation of their existence. That applies to the blinded man. Release the creative impulse, the creative energy, let him know that he can and is accomplishing something, and he is fixed. I tell you that our blinded at St. Dunstan's are really finding a true happiness!"

Just then the telephone at the other end of the apartment rang and Sir Arthur sprang up to answer it. He seated himself quickly and took off the receiver without a second's groping for it. When he had concluded his conversation he walked toward his chair, jotting a memorandum in his notebook. It seemed impossible that this man was blind. Only my knowledge of the fact caused me to notice the stiffness with which he held his note-book and the cramped motion of his pencil.

I was wondering whether these statements, these theories of his, were not somewhat stern, rather—ungentle! They do come in conflict, do they not, with the traditional and delicately sad sentimental and the more or less *laissez-faire* viewpoint that has characterized our attitude toward the blind. Perhaps Sir Arthur sensed the skepticism and the difficulty of adjustment. He smiled as he puffed deeply at his cigar.

"Really," he said, "we don't give our senses half a chance; we leave everything to the eye. Personally, I appreciate a good cigar now better than I ever did before; and I like to look at it because it is what I used to do and I want to feel and seem normal. Why," he laughed heartily, "if I live to be a hundred and fifty years old I'll be an ever so much better blind man than I am to-day! Don't you see?"

THEN I began to realize all the more clearly throughout the remainder of our talk that the quality I had instinctively sensed in him was not merely that of a common "success" but was, in this instance especially, the sum of all those qualities that make for a real achievement. They were a fine courage and a splendid hope and a great tolerance and a broad understanding. They were vision and practicality. Just as the patients at St. Dunstan's, according to Sir Arthur, are finding newer interests in doing things, in discovering that they have the opportunity to create, so Sir Arthur himself finds as great a satisfaction in developing his own faculties and energies in order that he "may become a better blind man," as well as in helping and showing other sightless men how they may attain an economic and spiritual freedom.

For the belief in the fact of material independence is justified in this new training of the blinded. And as a result, the blind mendicant may be considered an

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anachronism; "blindness" and "destitution" are no longer inseparable terms. From St. Dunstan's more than six hundred men have gone out to self-supporting tasks; there are seven hundred more working there now for this end, and there are hundreds more to come. In France and Italy and the United States the same results are being accomplished, and it is hoped that when the public sweeps away some of its old prejudices, factory owners and employers of every kind will realize that the blind man can enter into a multitude of occupations that to-day are automatically closed to him.

"Life isn't the number of years a man has lived," Sir Arthur went on. "It is the number of experiences he has in life. I consider my blindness only another experience," and, as an after-thought, he added, "I might say a very interesting one."

"I had always lived very fully, been all over, done lots of things. I wasn't going to give in. I merely had to strike out a new path; even people who can see must strike out new paths if they do not want to be defeated. I did it when I was a young fellow. I suppose I am what you would call a 'self-made' man. My father was a clergyman. I was in business and when I was twenty-three I came to the United States for a short stay, and I consider that one of the most momentous events in my career. I saw your young men all about me accomplishing more and earning more than I had ever thought possible for myself at that time. So when I returned to England with new ideas and a wider horizon I told my employer that unless he would allow me to do this-and-that and give me this-and-that I would leave him. He refused, so I chucked it. My family and my friends thought I was a maniac! But I had new interests and wanted to see what I could do for myself." Sir Arthur made a sweeping gesture with his arm. "The rest was easy."

However simple "the rest" may have been is another story. But it was the same determination that enabled Sir Arthur to cope with his blindness, strike out in dark and unchartered fields, and create other interests for himself. He finds them, for example, at St. Dunstan's where come men suffering just as he suffered in the early days of his blindness, but the majority of whom have not the will to fight. Aside from the purely psychological influence of blindness there is the fear of poverty, of idleness, of uselessness, of economic dependence. So Sir Arthur gives each of them a "heart-to-heart talk" the moment that they are scheduled to come to St. Dunstan's and even before they have left the hospital.

"It is a very ordinary little talk," explained Sir Arthur deprecatingly. He walked across the room and pressed the wall button to summon ice water. "I merely say, 'I am afraid you have been treated pretty badly, old chap. I know. There are worse things though. You're an ordinary healthy chap—all your faculties will improve. You have only got to get along without sight. Are you going to let down, or do you want to buck up? Oh, you can't see! Well, neither can I, you know; but I get on finely. The same with

Recreation is essential to the blind. Here they are playing push-ball

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Outdoor exercise and relaxation are gained from playing leap frog at St. Dunstan's

you. You'll see!' And I talk to him so that he feels he is really no differently fixed than myself, and he begins to be interested. I always hold a fellow by the hand; a little pressure at the right time takes the place of what doesn't exist."

Sir Arthur was silent for a moment. "I think a friend ought to touch a blind chap's hand now and then —some sort of contact; after all he can't see you, even though he is pretty clever at visualization. Well, then I tell him that he is coming to St. Dunstan's where there are no blind people, only normal people who can't see. It is a happy crowd, I tell him—working together, playing together, busy all the time. 'This is no fairy tale,' I say. 'You will see for yourself. What did you do before? Oh, you were a butcher! Why, then you know a good deal about handling small tools, don't you? Carpentry is the thing for you!' And in a few months that chap will be a carpenter, and no mean one, I promise you. On the whole, though, a man is encouraged to stick to his occupation if it is possible. If he cannot—what is he interested in? If he is interested in something, we feel that there is nothing he can't do.

"You ask whether they believe me, and don't fight my influence? Not a bit of it! I tell you they become interested. It is not so difficult for the younger men; they are in the easily forgetful stage. It is a new game for them, and they play it for all it's worth. It is much more difficult for the older ones; they can't get used to the knocks so easily. The knocks—literally."

As Sir Arthur walked about the room, his movements were sure, graceful; there was none of the hesitancy, the uncertainty, that is usually associated with the walking of the blind. He took up a siphon of vichy and, filling a glass, passed it over to me. He knew exactly where I was. He smiled as he seated himself. "That takes patience. You have no idea of the amount of will power it takes to overcome the depression that smothers you when you've hit your face against the edge of an open door. I tell you this, though; the most difficult adjustment for the blinded man to make is getting about."

Sir Arthur looked at his watch as he quickly felt of the time. "Did you notice," he continued, "that I looked at my watch? And that I look at my cigar quite frequently? I always do that. I believe in visualizing everything, and that is what I tell the men at St. Dunstan's. Of course we have mats on the floors which lead them in the right direction and rails to guide them, at first, with knobs on them just before they come to a turn—little mechanical tricks like that. But a blind man can pretty quickly learn a sense of direction. Aside from that, however, I want them to visualize as I do. If I am in a room for any length of time I want to know exactly what is in it, where everything is placed. I see it then, and in a short time I can get 'round in it as well as you could. I won't, for example, sit in the dark. It is a bad habit; it makes one feel abnormal. I want to be normal, and so does everyone else. If

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they can't help it, but they should not treat him as an outsider, as an incompetent. It is terrifically bad for him. One chap's wife came to see him at St. Dunstan's and, in tears, told me all that she was going to do for him when he came home. I told her that was all very well; but, I said, 'if he wants to fetch something for you, or for himself, from up-stairs, let him do it. He can. He will. And every time he does so he is becoming a better blind man. I mean it; because all his senses—other than sight, of course—are strengthened every time he performs an action of that sort.'

"It is astonishing, really, how much of a man's life is automatic, depending upon sight. A man walks, eats, dresses, really is active most of his life through his eyes. He lets the other senses use themselves, and the eye suppresses most of them. I might say that he lets the eyes do every thing and the mind very little; for he sees without actually perceiving. Well, in a blind man the other senses get a chance to exercise themselves, he has conscious perception through them. And of course, at first, that is a great mental strain." Sir Arthur switched. "Now, I don't believe in being tired, and I rarely am. I must say that the only thing

The economic life at St. Dunstan's. The lower picture is the interior of the shoe shop; the upper, a blind man trimming a sole with a special plane

you act normally, you will be normal. But if you give in to yourself—stare up at the ceiling, perhaps, when you talk to a man—you are not doing the normal thing and are on the way to lose out." Sir Arthur suddenly pointed to a corner of the room. "There is a blue screen, embroidered with dragons. There is an arm-chair. There are three glasses on that table. I have been looking at you right along. You were looking probably out of the window a moment ago. I could tell by the change in the direction of your voice." He smiled at me. He was right.

"We want to be independent," he continued. "I always say that the worst enemies of a blinded man are likely to be his loving family and friends. I know that fags me is two hours in the hostel, showing and bucking up the men. I suppose that is because I have to give something of myself. And it means concentration. It's because we know the effects of strain that we can accomplish, in a few months, more than other institutions are able to in years. We guard against exhaustion.

"No matter what they do, whether it is reading or writing in Braille, typewriting, cobbling, carpentering, or poultry farming, working under the handicap of newly inflicted blindness imposes a very much greater mental strain than those who can see would imagine; the other senses have lain dormant and must be exercised with the conscious, concentrated use of the

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brain; and it is only after some time has passed that the perception, through the finger tips or through the aid of various movements of the body and the other senses, tends to become more and more mechanical. I kept my valet on for a while after I became blind. I felt that the process of dressing was a little thing, and you have no idea how he helped me. But I realized that the little things may easily become the big things. I wanted to be independent I got rid of him; and now I can dress and undress myself, pack or unpack my bag if I am traveling, as well as ever I could. At first, of course, I had to concentrate on every move; now my senses are trained, and there's not the slightest difficulty.

"This applies to the chaps at St. Dunstan's. Their senses develop so that they can become efficient in industry. There is sometimes little reason why a professional man can't continue his career. I followed mine for a space, but I found that I would have to spend ten hours a day being read to, and that was too much. We had a captain at the hostel who has since returned to his business, which he had thought would be impossible, and is doing so signally well that he has been sent to the colonies to do reorganization work for his firm.

"You would say that poultry-farming was much more difficult to teach a man. It isn't. The men learn to distinguish birds of different breeds almost instantaneously by touch, to manage incubators and foster-mothers, to prepare and truss birds for table, and generally to conduct a poultry farm on methods that should ensure paying results. They are taught rough carpentry and learn to make hen coops, gates, and other useful objects. The finishing touches are given in a month at the poultry farm. A stock of birds of the best breeds is raised there, and these are given to the men when they are set up for themselves. They are further assisted by an arrangement which enables their wives, mothers, sisters or other relatives to learn poultry farming at a progressive and well-equipped farm in the country where the instruction is free.

"Really, there is practically nothing that can't be done." Sir Arthur rubbed his chin. "I use a good old-fashioned open razor—but I'd trust a blind man to shave me, too. One of the men who came to us had been a barber He felt particularly depressed because he thought he couldn't continue his trade. 'Why not?' I asked Because he couldn't cut hair—that was sure! But he could shave, I said. He would like to see anyone give him the chance! 'Well, you stay around until you get used to things,' I told him, 'and then you shall shave me.' He did; and it was one of the finest shaves I ever had! To-day that man is doing a flourishing business in a shop in London, delegating the hair-cutting to his assistants. Oh, one learns with the hands! Table manners, though—extraordinarily difficult! But after a time you get an almost perfect sense of direction. I can reach for a glass without the slightest fear of knocking it over, once I know where it is placed, and have had a chance to orientate myself.

"Look!" Sir Arthur reached out swiftly in the air for the glass resting on the table—not a fraction of an inch too high or too low, too far or too short. His fingers closed about it with the sureness of vision. Easy? Insignificant? Try it, and see if it is!

Sir Arthur suddenly stopped short a moment, leaned forward and looked at me intently. "Would you believe it possible," he seemed to challenge any doubts I might have, "that you could teach a blinded man, who had lost both arms as well, to work a typewriter?"

It is surprising how many normal recreations are open to the blind. Here they are rowing on the Thames, near St. Dunstan's

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By this time, after watching and listening to Sir Arthur, I was prepared to believe anything. I told him as much; but that it was difficult for me to understand how the man acquired the will, the desire to do this; or how others at St. Dunstan's possessed the spirit to dance, as they do; to row upon the lake in races, as they do; to play push ball; to do any one of the number of things that ordinarily predicate a temporary feeling of carefree joyousness.

Sir Arthur laughed. "People have such erroneous ideas! They think they can place themselves in a blind man's place, and they are very sweet when they try, and play soft music most beautifully—but they really do not understand. In the first place, most of our teachers are blind. That is immediately a bond of sympathy and a cause of interest. They will listen to him, because *he knows*. Bill says that if George, who is teaching him to be a masseur—and the blind make excellent masseurs, being in constant demand—can do it, who the devil is George to be cleverer than he! Or, we are going to have a dance; there is one nearly every week. Bill is out of spirits; what is dancing to him! But Harry is dancing with a girl, a charming girl; he is having a great time. Oh, he is, is he? Bet he is not much of a dancer!—What does she look like?—So I describe her, as she has been described to me; and it won't be long before Bill will be learning that he can enjoy dancing with and talking to a nice girl—whom he has already visualized satisfactorily—as much as ever he could. Put it all on the basis of friendly competition—competition that is based on cooperation between equals—and each man will react to it and find that he has a normal outlet for his energies, whether in the way of sports, work, or love-making!"

ONE has heard much of the sweet smile of the blind and the patient resignation; that is all rubbish, said Sir Arthur. A man is not worth much if he is resigned, he claims; give him something to do, show him that he can do it, interest him, and then he has something better than a sad smile and resignation. One has heard, too, of the compensation to the other senses. As Sir Arthur explained, the word "compensation" is inaccurate; the other senses are merely developed, as he showed before, through greater need and use.

"Of course there is a chance that the taste may improve because there is greater concentration needed. As I have said, we get to perceive more than when we only saw. Personally I never cared much for music—I always liked tunes—and I am not particularly fond of music now. If I am read to, these days, I may think a good deal more about what I hear, because I have to concentrate. And sounds mean a lot more to me than they did. Time after time a ticking clock or a creaking board has enabled me to locate objects for people and they think I am a wizard."

Sir Arthur sat back, and smiled with justifiable pride as he continued, "I had an amusing experience in London. I was walking one morning and, as I reached the curb, I heard a cart approaching. I slowed up, the cart stopped just in front of me. I walked round it and continued on my way. A few yards further a friend overtook me and told me, 'it was wonderful the way you avoided that cart, especially because of its unusual length.' But it wasn't wonderful. When the cart stopped I knew that the horse was immediately in front of me, for I could hear his breathing. I knew it was a coal cart because of the smell, and that it was a long cart that needed walking about, because all coal carts—in London, anyway—are long. What my friend's sense of sight had told him, my sense of hearing and smell had showed me. We learn, you see. But in the beginning it does take concentration. Did you notice that when I was walking about the room a while ago and talking at the same time, I wasn't quite sure of the exact position of the chair and the table? That was because I wasn't able to give my sense of direction the aid of my full attention; it doesn't work automatically yet. So I am not yet a perfect blind man!

"Do not suppose, though, that just because a blind man's other senses do develop in one way or another, he doesn't see, and cannot see. As I said before, I try to visualize everything, just as Bill did the charming girl at the dance. And, speaking of Bill, you may rely upon it that the idea he had of her could make him quite happy, and that, if he really grew to care for her, he wouldn't have any morbid hesitancy about asking her to marry him. Many of our young fellows have been married since they left St. Dunstan's. But, as I was saying, if I meet a person frequently I have him described to me by two different people. Then I get a picture in my mind and it is as clear, to all intents and purposes, as the actuality would be.

"It is the same way with places. I remember very well places I've never seen. There was one particular spot I had never cared to visit while I could see. I went there afterward, took long walks and had it minutely described to me. I found that I liked the place enormously, and that it was really beautiful.

"Voices are, naturally, awfully important in the blind man's life. I, myself, have always been extremely sensitive to voices. I sometimes think that I can judge a man's character by his voice as well, if not better, than if I could see his face. People have always laid the emphasis on facial expression, and been guarded in allowing their thoughts to find expression in the countenance. They haven't, however, trained the voice nearly so well to disguise or express what they think or feel. I can't explain it exactly, but there are subtleties of the voice."

I ASKED Sir Arthur what he missed most in this sightless life of his.

"Games," he exclaimed. "I was always a sportsman. Tennis, golf—I can tell you I jolly well miss *them!* Many times I walk over golf courses I used to play—go over the old games. Oh, I did hate to give those up."

He rose and smiled at me. I left him standing framed in the door-way, an erect, indomitable figure, a glow of "all rightness" on his face, a cheery message on his lips. The door closed, and blotted him out. I stood and looked at the closed door, and fancied him hastening to his room to dress for his evening lecture. And then, at last, I dared the pleasure of an emotion that had been welling up within me not because of his blindness, but because of his splendid courage. I paid a tribute to a normal, a noble spirit. I had spoken with a blind man who had made me ashamed that I could see.

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WHERE DOES THE BLOOD HIDE?

By Emily Frances Robbins

HERE is a study of shock to the human system due to the manifold disasters of war. In shock the blood disappears. Where it lurks has been one of the mysteries of medical science. Here is information on it gained from the war

WHEN he came out of the stupor induced by his state of shock, and while the doctor was giving him a blood transfusion — which was simply one of many medical measures that had already been taken in his behalf—he asked the nurse to thank the gassed boy in an adjoining bed for giving him blood and for saving his life.

He might also have thanked the doctor for his good training and for his timely good judgment. Behind the doctor there were many scientists, whom he had never seen, to whom he was also indebted for his miraculous restoration from the condition of shock into which his wounds had plunged him.

When I saw him a few weeks later he was healthy and smiling. He told me the story of his injury. "I was sent out on a patrol," he said. "There were nine of us. We got way over into the enemy lines. Suddenly we saw a Dutchman coming out of a barn. We fired. At that, many other Germans poured out.

"Five of our crowd were killed on the spot. My leg was badly shot up. Two of the fellows who had slighter wounds dragged me to some woods. We hid there all day and all that night. I was lying on the cold ground, of course, and bleeding badly. All the next day we stayed there without food or treatment. It was not until the night after that they found us.

The nurse supplemented his story. When they brought him in, she said he was unconscious and as cold as a frog. It was typically a severe state of shock, of complete exhaustion, almost to the point of death—a condition in which an operation is extremely dangerous. It is often brought on by operation itself. Gas gangrene had got into his wound, however, so that death was but a few hours away without an operation. Between the two evils of risk, they chose the operation. It was directly after it that they returned him to the shock ward in an almost dying condition. She showed me his record, which gave the history of an amputation of the whole leg, followed by details such as "Breathing short, lips very pale, face drawn and pinched, no pulse, blood pressure 65." With the normal pressure 120, it was evident that he could have lived but a short time but for the immediate application of highly scientific treatment. The record showed, among other items, the application of heat, an injection of salt solution intravenously, and blood transfusion, with a dramatic rise in the blood pressure to 110.

The scientific background to the story of shock, of which this is simply one case of the hundreds that occurred in the war, I obtained from Lieut.-Colonel Walter B. Cannon, the eminent Harvard physiologist whose work a few years ago on "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, and Rage" attracted wide attention. Lieut.-Colonel Cannon has been conducting researches in surgical shock at the Laboratory for Surgical Research of the United States Army, in France. This important research work is one of the many enterprises to which the American Red Cross has rendered financial assistance, like a battalion of shock troops that steps into the breach where the pressure is greatest.

"One of the great mysteries of shock is where the blood hides," Lieut.-Colonel Cannon told me. "It fails to return to the heart. It was formerly supposed to be stagnating in the very capacious veins of the abdomen, and to be thus drawn out of the general circulation. But during the war our surgeons have had to operate in hundreds of cases of shocked men and, when the abdomen has been opened, they have found no evidence that the lost blood was in that region.

"If the blood is not in the large vessels, where is it? We do not yet know the full facts about where it is hiding," Lieut.-Colonel Cannon said. "This question of the lost blood by shock is one of the most difficult of the problems still confronting us. There is some evidence that it is in the capillaries. Last summer I worked just back of the British lines and made blood counts on shocked men. We found that there was a marked difference in the counts of blood taken from capillary areas and blood taken from the veins, and that in general there was a concentration of the blood in the capillaries which roughly related to the degree of shock.

"This failure of the blood to return to the heart results in a fall of the blood pressure. We know that the rate of flow of the blood through the capillaries depends on the height of arterial pressure. That is the head of pressure, just as in a water power; it is the head of pressure that drives the blood through the capillaries, through the veins, and back to the heart again. If the head of pressure fails, as it does when blood remains back in the body somewhere and does not properly return to the heart, the rate of flow diminishes. The blood is our carrier of oxygen from the air in the lungs to the body tissues. If the rate diminishes, it is obvious that there will be a decrease in the amount of oxygen that is carried by blood cells to the tissues.

"There are three materials that we get from the outer world: water, food, and oxygen. Without these three things we cannot possibly get along forever. We can survive without food, however, for weeks; we can survive without water for days. But we cannot get along without oxygen for more than seven or eight minutes. Oxygen allows the changes to take place in

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tissues that are characteristic of living creatures as against dead matter.

"With the persistence of low blood pressure, and the consequent diminution of the oxygen supply, progressive damage to the tissues sets in. If the pressure remains low long enough, so much damage is done that there is no possibility of recovery, in our present knowledge of the matter. On the other hand, if we can get a shocked man soon after his condition sets in, we can generally resuscitate him without difficulty. I have seen a man with a blood pressure as low as 55 live and get well. When I was up near Chalons in the July push, there was a man with a blood pressure down to 65. He was gasping for breath. He was promptly warmed and given a transfusion of blood. As it went into him, he became more comfortable, more and more alert, and by the time the doctor had finished, the man was smiling, and said, 'Gee, I'd like to have a cold glass of beer!'

AT present we are raising the blood pressure by the transfusion of blood when it is available. When it is not, we are having some slight success with the use of a solution of gum acacia which was invented by Professor Bayliss, of London. The solution has the physical properties of blood plasma. When introduced warm and sterile into the blood stream, it helps to take the place of lost blood—either the lost blood of hemorrhage, or the blood that is temporarily lost from the circulation. With this greater bulk we get a higher arterial pressure and so a more rapid flow of blood through the veins and a better utilization of its oxygen carriers.

"If the war had continued into the winter months, we should have had many more cases of shock for a given number of wounded men. It has long been known that there is a relation between shock and cold. As a man gets cold, he is liable to become more severely shocked. When he is warmed up, he gets better. I have seen a man brought in with no pulse at all; he seemed to be colder than the atmosphere in which he was living. I have seen him warmed up and in half or three-quarters of an hour have a decent blood pressure. When one's hand gets cold, there is a gathering of blood, a stagnation in it, which gives rise to the common expression that it is 'blue with the cold.' You can take a blood count from the skin in that region and find it more concentrated than blood taken from a part of the body that is warm. So that, wholly apart from shock itself, there is, in case the body becomes cold, a stagnation of a certain amount of blood, a retardation of its flow in the region that is cold. Cold operates, therefore, to still further diminish the return of blood to the heart, and we have in consequence an increase in the shock state.

"The fundamental mystery has always been as to why shock develops, why the blood hides and does not return to the heart. There have been many theories. Some of the mystery is being explained by our discoveries in the United States Laboratory here in France regarding injured tissues. When an animal dies, the life of the organism itself ceases instantly, but there is an existence of certain cells for a varying length of time. If you eat an animal directly after it is killed, it is very tough. If you leave it until *rigor mortis* disappears there is a tenderness. This is due to the fact that the tissues have been partially digested by themselves. It is called autodigestion. It does not begin until some time after death, when the tissues begin to acidify.

"Injured tissues apparently undergo autodigestion, similar to dead tissue; they apparently throw off products of digestion, and these products may get into the blood stream.

"We have not yet found the substance in the blood and it may be difficult to find, on account of existing in minute quantity.

"It may be this substance that causes the peculiar behavior of the circulation. We have considerable experimental evidence supporting this theory. We have produced injuries to tissues of anæsthetized animals which have resulted in a fall in the blood pressure to the shock level, and have found a striking point: That shock does not occur when we disconnect the injured tissue from the blood stream. I have seen the blood pressure return promptly to normal, in a well established case of shock, when the injured tissue was cut off from the blood supply.

"It was discovered some time ago that protein material partially digested (the tissues are largely protein) will cause low blood pressure when introduced into the blood stream. The condition known as "peptone" shock, in which the same low blood pressure is a striking characteristic, may be produced by injecting the first changes of a digested meal into the blood. We have brought the condition about experimentally in our laboratory.

"When you introduce the early products of digestion into the blood stream and produce shock, the blood largely collects in the liver. We are working now to find out whether or not it is hiding there in our cases of wound or surgical shock. There is a good deal of evidence that these two kinds of shock have a common basis, in this effect that partially digested tissue material has upon the behavior of the circulation.

SURGEONS have long been baffled," Lieut.-Colonel Cannon said, "by this condition of shock. It has arisen from injuries on railroads or in factories, and it often forms a dangerous complication on the operating table. The shocked man is peculiarly sensitive to ether. I have seen a fairly good surgical risk become a desperate case when ether was given to him. We have obviated some of that risk now by the use of another anæsthetic which is equally efficient but not depressing.

"Progress in our knowledge of shock has been slow because of the fact that there was no opportunity in civil life to study a number of cases at one time. War has presented that opportunity. Shock cases occurred in war after every battle. For generations it has been found that shocked men sometimes unexpectedly turned a corner and got well enough to be operated on for their injuries, but that often it was necessary to leave them untouched to die. Already our knowledge of the condition has made possible many miraculous restorations of life among our boys. The same measures will now be available to our civil population for all time."

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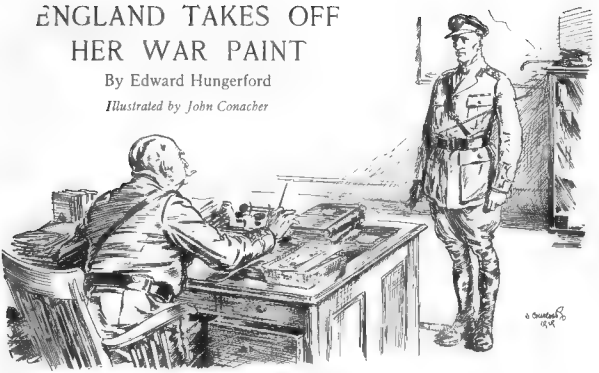
ENGLAND TAKES OFF HER WAR PAINT

By Edward Hungerford

Illustrated by John Conacher



"'How can I speed up my getting back to America?' he pleaded of his superior officer"

NOWADAYS the columns of the English newspapers fairly blossom with this sort of thing. And yet, as this is being written the real demobilization of the British Army has not even begun. But it is being given a most careful consideration, while the English public, with true British impatience, frets at the consideres and demands more speed—and less consideration. And England carries on as best she may, still with an appalling shortage of man-power in her industry. You see it not only in London but in the interior cities and towns as well. If you are an incoming American you begin to see it from the moment you alight at the Liverpool landing stage and the mad and seemingly hopeless scramble for taxi-cabs begins; it continues at the railroad station where you embark for London in one of the delicious little English trains. The chances are that both there and at the London terminal you may have to handle a goodly portion of your own baggage, even to your steamer trunks. The railway company, in huge posters, absolves itself from all responsibility in the matter.

COMMANDER R.N. retired, aged 44, married, shortly demobilized, exceptional experience, executive officer of ships for many years, 2 years in command, total abstainer. WANTS WORK. Moderate salary. Address, etc.

INFANTRY OFFICER (23) seeks POST as private secretary. Public school education. Highest references. Box, etc.

OFFICER, well educated, capable organizer and administrator, wide secretarial experience, keen, energetic, tactful, good horseman, experienced athlete, desires post as secretary or secretary-manager; home or abroad; excellent references. Address, etc.

OFFICER (25) seeks BUSINESS APPOINTMENT; wide commercial experience; partnership considered; Southern England, Egypt, or South Africa preferred. Box V999, etc.

"It is the war," it says in so many words, and shrugs its official shoulders.

"It is the war," says the manager of the hotel when you complain that the service in the dining room is intolerable, that you cannot find taxi-cabs, that the hairdresser is late to his appointments. And that excuse you accept, calling yourself a good American in the acceptance. But England, herself, is reluctant to accept the excuse.

"The war is over," she says quite calmly, "and my famished industry needs man-power and woman-power once again."

And so saying, she raises one of her ablest leaders, Sir Eric Geddes, to the difficult task of coördinating all her problems of demobilization and reconstruction. A full man-sized task, if you please. But Geddes, who is just starting his big new job, apparently is quite equal to it. His record is one of good achievement; and his several years of executive experience in the headquarters of a large American railroad have been of great help to him.

But do not gain the impression that England is asleep to this great problem of demobilization and reconstruc-

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"The chances are that both in Liverpool and at the London terminal you may have to handle your own baggage, even to your steamer trunks"

tion. The contrary is true. She has not begun the scattering of her military forces with as much promptitude as we have, but she has planned it with greater care and apparently with a more scientific study of the entire problem. For more than a week before Christmas her daily newspapers carried long full-column advertisements headed, "Speeding up Demobilization," and giving definite methods by which the employer of labor might seek, if he wished, to recover first, the men who were most vitally necessary to h'm and then, in due turn, the others that he really needed for the success of his enterprise. He was merely asked to apply and to certify in good faith that he would give real employment to the men he sought. And an avenue was provided, also, for the professional or self-employing men to bring about an almost immediate discharge from the British Army or Navy. Which meant that the first three or four months of the new year was to witness a great exodus from khaki into mufti of this very class of men. England, proud of their services, was quite willing to speed their going. The daily cost of the war—even in these days of the peace which has followed it—is proving a very great burden to her. And the time has come when she can, and should, begin to count the pennies.

A young Harvard man—son of an American who, for a number of years past, has been a resident of London—applied in the last week of December to the commanding officer of his Yorkshire regiment for a discharge. He was anxious to get back to the Charles-bank and take up his course once again. He was told that it would take from four to five months to get his discharge—even with a note of commendation and approval on it from the C. O.—through the red tape of the British War Office.

'How can I speed up my getting back to America?" he pleaded of his superior officer.

The reply was instant: "By taking the first steamer to New York or Boston."

"But in that case I would be a deserter?"

"Technically, yes; in actual practice, no. We will get your honorable discharge in good time and send it on to you. As it stands you are a burden to England, even though you so recently have been a great help to her. And that is why we will waive our traditional British love for technicalities and let you go in just this way."

I have digressed. Seemingly I have strayed away from the point at issue which is the mighty problem of England—akin to our own—of returning to industry the several million men and women which she took from it to form her fighting armies—both her military and war industrial ones. For remember that she, like ourselves, recruited an even larger army behind the lines and at home than she had at the front. Not half of her war workers ever were in khaki; they were in blue jeans or overalls and engaged in various forms of

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war industry. For remember that industrial England, up to a comparatively few weeks ago at least, was divided into two distinct types, with gradations between. On the one hand were the industries created especially for the war—great modern factories on the outskirts of Manchester or Birmingham or Coventry—and there turning out and filling shells and fuses or, in more remote locations, engaged in the manufacture of powder and far higher explosives. On the other hand were the older factories, their buildings grimed with the soot of many years, who found their regular output of use to the war-office or the admiralty and so none the less were English war-brides. Between these extremes were gradations, according to their dependence upon the war situation. There was yet another class of English war industry—plants whose output was of so little use to the nation in its war emergency that the Government reached out and arbitrarily ordered them to manufacture things needed for the Army or the Navy. Thus it was that a manufacturer of face powder might find himself compelled to turn out chemical cannisters for gas masks. Most of these manufacturers thanked Heaven for such an opportunity. It at least enabled them to keep the bone and sinew of their staff and efficiency together for the coming of a better and a happier day.

All of these industries greatly increased their personnel in order to meet the necessity of their war contracts Efficiency is still a new sounding word in English manufacture; the English manufacturer, however, is beginning to get an idea of its full meaning and to profit thereby. An American efficiency expert, Herbert N. Casson, who went to London a year or two before the beginning of the war, found that he had arrived just in time to be of very great service in the industrial end of the conflict. The British War Office commandeered him and set him to work speeding up the manufacture of tanks, airplanes, motor trucks, etc. And in a single tank factory in the Midland district Casson succeeded, by American efficiency methods, in tripling the output.

THE Midland district, with coal, iron, and transportation close at hand in seemingly endless quantity, is the great work-shop of England. That is saying much. It means, for instance, that the cities within a radius of forty or fifty miles of Manchester form an almost continuous community of some ten million persons—a community which, regarded as one, exceeds in population even the mightiness of London itself.

It is this district that first felt the full effects of England's industrial demobilization. Its industrial backbone consists very largely of manufacturing plants employing from three to twenty-five thousand persons. It is from these, particularly from the ones which have been manufacturing only ammunition, that the first discharges of working men upon a large scale began. By the middle of December, for instance, out of four thousand men and women employed in a national fuse factory, only fifteen hundred were left and these were entirely gone by Christmas. Christmas, in fact, found many great war plants, created especially for the war, absolutely denuded of their personnel. Their forges were cold and deserted and the long lines of lathes and other machines stood idle. And the staff wondered what was to become of the entire business.

One could see in London the other side of the situation. I stood, a night or two before Christmas, at the entrance of Charing Cross Station waiting for a taxi-cab to take me to my hotel in the West End. For that taxi I waited some fifteen or twenty minutes. When I made a slight complaint to the ferry starter, he laughed and said,

"You are lucky, sir, to get one inside of half an hour. You could not have done that a fortnight ago. The boys are getting back and the taxi-cabs are getting out. We've five hundred more in service this week than last and next week there will be another eight hundred come upon the streets of London."

The strain is lessening. The first discharges from the swollen war industrial plants relieved the pressure perceptibly. And when one understands that in factory after factory men and women, even in December, were being discharged at the rate of from four hundred to a thousand a week, one can see that relief is bound to come elsewhere.

SO MUCH as it applies to individuals. Here comes the rub: England after the war never again will be the same as England before the war. Her national customs will stand staunch; her preferences, her mannerisms, her peculiarities, if you please, in all probability will not be greatly changed; but a vast revolution in the relation and status of her workers is coming to her. Of that do not doubt. The war has wrought a greater change in England than even she, herself, to-day realizes. It has wrought sad havoc --it is pitiful to go through the streets of London or Liverpool or Edinborough or, for that matter, any other English city or town and see the maimed men; it is vastly more pitiful to reach beneath the stout skin of British pride and stoicism and there find the unseen hurts, the countless tragedies that four years of fearful war have worked upon a nation. To say that England gave one million two hundred and fifty thousand lives toward the winning of the great war does not half tell the story.

But it does give the argument of the sweeping industrial changes that soon are to come to Albion. And countless human instances corroborate this argument. Here is my friend, Captain E——, an expatriated American, who has a shooting-box down in Essex some forty-five miles from London. E——, however, has done some really magnificent service in London in the past four years, first with the British and then with the American forces.

"I thank God," said he, "that I have had the opportunity of living in England for the past fifteen years—the last magnificent years of the England that was that never again can be. Do you want me to elucidate? Let me tell you. There was on my estate an assistant gardener, a likely lad of seventeen, of a family which had been resident in the village for at least four hundred years. The lad's father was my head gardener. In course of time the young man might himself assume to such a post; fifty-two pounds a year, a neat cottage, rent-free, and a new suit of clothes and two tons of coal as annual gratuities from me. This would have been the height of his ambition; this,

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and perhaps two or three trips up to London in the course of his lifetime.

"When the war broke upon us in all its fury the lad came to me. 'Squire, can I enlist?' he asked me, seriously. 'Not yet, my boy,' I told him. 'I will tell you when the right time comes.' And in less than two years I saw him go marching down our village street in a column of his fellows.

"Last month he came back. He had won his spurs. In plain English he had won a captain's commission and had achieved that thing which Americans, who do not know their England thoroughly, do not always understand—he had achieved class. No longer was he to be ranked among gardeners or even artisans. He was an officer of His Majesty's forces, if you please, and as such could hardly hope to ride in an omnibus or a third-class railway carriage. No matter if he was strapped he would either have to hire a taxi or walk. According to the British notion of things, a group of Tommies riding inside a London bus would be so embarrassed to have an officer come in and sit down next to them that they themselves would have to get out and walk, which hardly would be fair.

"When our young captain walked up to me the other day, I asked him when he was coming back to the gardening.

"'Not for me,' said he, 'I am fed up on this town. I have begun to see the world. There is a chance for me to get into a regiment that is bound for India, and I am for that chance, sir.' Which probably is the best way out for him."

To see the world' Two English girls in ill-fitting uniforms—V A. D's. or F. A. N. Y.'s, or some other form of direct British war work—sat in the official boat bound from Bologne to Folkestone on their way home for Chrstmas leave; the one spoke to the other.

"The old boss's anxious to get me back again," said she. "He is willing to make it three hundred pounds a year now and Saturdays off."

"You are going to take him up?" replied the other. "It is a good job, you know."

"A good job, yes, but not for me. I am going to see the world."

Beneath these words lies a far deeper significance than the mind at first finds. Here is the social unrest of England And there are thousands upon thousands of the traditionally perfect house servants of yester-year who, having tasted independence in a munition factory at three pounds a week, are going to find it difficult to return to servility, at "one pound per and found." Just what they are going to do they, themselves, do not yet know. It is obvious that they will have to do something rather quickly, for few of them have in reserve any considerable savings. Strange to say that, despite the war, and the very great handicaps that it has placed upon the manufacture and importation of luxuries and near-luxuries, the past four years might fairly be called four orgies of expenditures on the part of the English people. The demands for phonographs, pianos, and jewelry has been especially heavy. Not by the wealthier folk of the United Kingdom For four years past these have been the poor men and women, straining every effort to meet the great taxes and to make generous purchases of war loans and sizeable donations to war charities Some of them have sold the acres from their cherished estates to help in paying special taxes They have felt the pinch. But the poor have come into their own.

"England's mannerisms will probably not greatly change"

A young woman, very well dressed but not bearing many of the marks of being a real lady, walked into a smart London shop last autumn and said that she wanted a heavy coat of real fur.

"What kind of fur do you want?" said the saleswoman.

"I do not know," came the reply, "that soft, light gray stuff I guess it is."

The saleswoman was quick to catch the point.

"Chinchilla, you mean?"

"Yes, that is it."

The saleswoman went to a cabinet in the back of the shop and brought back a very handsome coat with collar and cuffs of this expensive fur, but the customer waved it away.

"I do not want just a little bit of it," said she. "I want a coat of it."

The saleswoman caught her breath, but she did represent the interests of her firm.

"We have only two chinchilla coats in stock," said she. "I shall show them to you."

One of the coats was

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out of the question and was immediately rejected.

The other the customer bought.

"How much?" she asked.

"Two thousand pounds," said the saleswoman.

"Very well," said the woman, and drew a check. "I think I will wear it home," said she.

The saleswoman shook her head.

"No," she replied, "we really cannot do that. With a valuable coat of this sort it is absolutely necessary that we make a complete record of it so that in case of loss the police could be promptly apprised."

This, of course, was camouflage. The store wished a little time in which to make good the check. There was, however, no question as to its validity, and a little further investigation by a secret service man brought forth the fact that it represented the entire savings of a man who had a minor munitions contract.

"'Very well,' said the woman and drew a check. 'I think I will wear it home'"

Upon the heels of the demobilization of England's industrial army or its adaptation into other channels of industry, comes the demobilization of her fighting army. And so multiplies the problem which already confronts Sir Eric Geddes and his fellows, who are striving mightily to solve the situation. Plenty of advice, good and bad, is being proffered them. For instance, it has been suggested that many of the factories which were builded hastily but thoroughly to meet war necessities and which now are standing idle, be used for the manufacture of various products designed for consumption in the British Empire and in the open markets of the world. The Government would retain the present staff of these "war brides" and would add to or change the mechanical equipment to meet the requirements of the output. It is possible that labor would have a hand, and more than a hand, in the regulation of pay, working hours, and the other conditions of employment.

The best of these suggestions comes from a writer in *The Times*, who apparently has made a very careful study of the entire question. He says:

> The proper persons to run these factories (abandoned munitions plants) for the Government are obviously those who call on the Government to retain them. Let them take the place of the manufacturers to whom they object and staff the factories from the trade unions. Or let the trade unions themselves undertake the task. Why should not the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, for instance, or the Toolmakers' Society, take over two or three national factories and run them on the principles of Industrial Unionism or Guild Socialism? It is an admirable opportunity, not likely to recur, for making a start toward the realization of these ideals, or at least of presenting an object lesson and gaining experience. The trade unions are always complaining of the faulty management of works. Let them show a more excellent way. The conditions are the most favorable possible. There are no material obstacles; everything is provided, and any adaptation of machinery needed could be done by the workmen for themselves. The Government could assure the supply of raw materials, and an unlimited market lies immediately open. The arrangement would be ideal. It would be a partnership between the State and the union, with elimination of the capitalist, democratic control of the workshops and the conduct of industry, abolition of the wage system and "production for use instead of profit." The whole product of work would go to the workers. If these ideas are anything more than phrases, here is the opportunity to essay them in practice. Nor would any one object.

This is Government ownership with a vengeance; yet

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to-day this very sort of thing is being considered in the British Empire. And the chance visitor to London, who may happen to find himself in the neighborhood of Blackfriars, may step into the first of the National Kitchens—a series of restaurants equipped and operated directly by the Government for the feeding of whoever cares to pay the extremely modest prices which they charge. This still is in a most experimental stage. But it is one of the straws that show the way the wind is blowing.

And because these straws do blow this way one sees revolution in the very air of England. Not revolution in the terror of the Commune, the blood-letting of anarchy, nor the unspeakable horrors of the Bolsheviki, although right in London there are men who do go about predicting revolution and bloodshed in its streets within the next two or three years, just as there are men who predict these things for New York and Chicago.

I CANNOT myself believe that these things are to come either to England or to the United States, and particularly not to England. Karl Marx has few disciples of power in the British Empire. The shedding of blood is not a popular sport in London streets, nor is sabotage or the breaking of machines a recognized English sport. The I. W. W. is an unknown quantity in the British Isles. And Keir Hardie, a kindly and gentle, although a determined and ofttimes winning soul, is hardly to be compared with either Debs or Hayward.

The typical British mob is a peculiar, silk-hatted, frock-coated thing which gathers in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square—but never in front of the residence of the King –and lets off a great amount of oratorical steam, and little more. Then it goes home to tea. But if it meets frequently enough there is apt to be a change of cabinet, and a new order of things in Parliament. They order these things rather well in England.

Of course, the Englishman himself does not always say so. While he is quick to resent any criticism of his Government on the part of an American, he, himself, is never reticent in such criticisms.

"We're Chinese," he says when you lunch with him in his club. "Chinese in our ideals and our manner of government. We are ruled by a lot of mandarins. Lloyd George is one mandarin and Northcliffe is another and Labor is a third. These mandarins tell us how to think, and so we do think and vote. And seek for more mandarins."

"Frankly, Mr. American, let me tell you, as Anglo-Saxon to Anglo-Saxon, the race is on. In one breath we are competitors and we are partners, and shipping is almost a vital test of this great race between the two leading nations of the world, nations that to-day are bound together by ties seemingly inseparable, nations that must pull together.

"So far as England is concerned, shipping is our vital industry and many things more. It is the life-blood of an insular people, none of whom live more than half a day's ride from the city. Shipping is the dependence of our stomachs. In the holds of great ships must come the meats, the grains, the sugar, and the fruit that will bring relief to England from the intolerable coupon system of to-day, to say nothing of the fearfully high prices that we are paying for our food-stuffs. When these food-stuffs come and come in abundance, the prices will drop. It then will become possible for the working man or the working woman to live at less cost and he or she will demand a less wage; particularly when we consider the men and women to be released through demobilization.

"If, on the other hand, our shipping is demoralized and our food imports continue to be greatly curtailed, wages will keep up and business will be stalled. I know this. I can prove it by a single instance.

"The influenza caused three million deaths in India A direct result of this terrible toll of human life in a single British possession has caused great cancellations of contracts recently. A manufacturer up in the Midland received by cable within the past fortnight a cancellation of a £25,000 Indian contract. Because he is a particularly energetic and hustling sort of fellow he immediately sought to turn over to another line of product that portion of his factory which he had reserved for the Indian order. To make this product it was necessary for him to buy a certain type of casting which, in the old days, had cost him about twenty-nine pounds each. An inquiry made to the foundry which turns out these castings but a few weeks before had developed the fact that these would now cost nearly eighty pounds each.

"'Very well,' said the Lancashire man, 'we will have to take it and make our selling price in accordance.'

"But upon telephoning to the foundry he found that the workmen had gathered together in the meantime and had procured such wage advances as to make the castings cost from one hundred to one hundred and twenty pounds each. Whereupon the manufacturer threw up his hands in despair and closed down his plant."

BUT from this seeming chaos of industrial unrest, England will find her way out. Indeed, she *must* find the way, because her future progress and greatness depend upon her finding the right way. In the last four years she has staked too much and lost too much to be willing to accept any reward less than great industrial and social strength. The million and a quarter men who have given up their lives for England cry out from their graves that England must go forward—that she must win a greater and a broader economic life and a juster social world. The way out will not be an easy one. Undoubtedly it will be fraught with many serious disturbances. But it ought to be a fairly definite pathway. For, when all is said and done, please remember that the situation in England is seemingly in capable hands. The keenest minds of the Empire are focused upon it and are working in a harmony and coöperation that the chance American, who sees British politics from the outside only and who marvels at their dynamics, cannot readily understand nor appreciate. The leaven of the great spirit of a great people is at work, and the leaven is practically universal, it cannot fail to accomplish results.

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A HYMN FOR AMERICA

By Christopher Morley

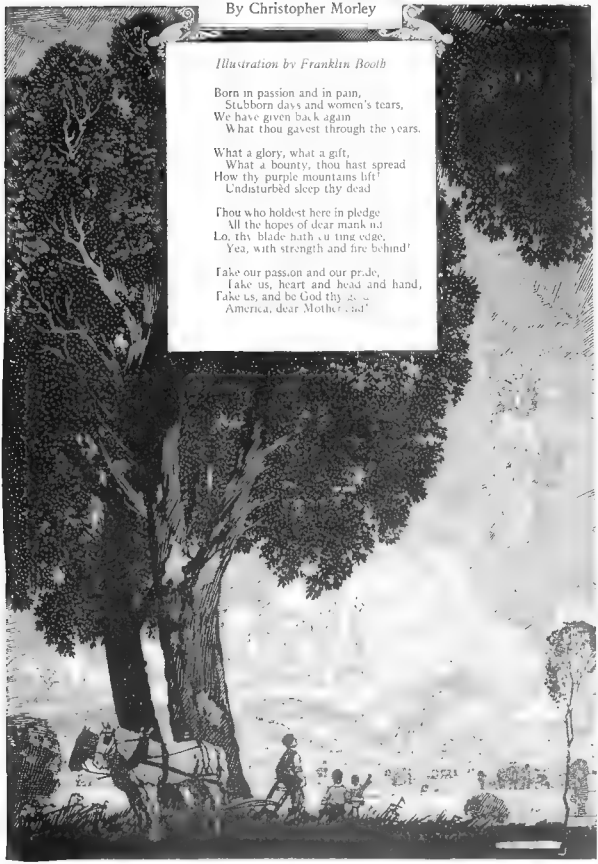

Illustration by Franklin Booth

Born in passion and in pain,
Stubborn days and women's tears,
We have given back again
What thou gavest through the years.

What a glory, what a gift,
What a bounty, thou hast spread
How thy purple mountains lift!
Undisturbed sleep thy dead

Thou who holdest here in pledge
All the hopes of dear mankind
Lo, thy blade hath cutting edge,
Yea, with strength and fire behind!

Take our passion and our pride,
Take us, heart and head and hand,
Take us, and be God thy guide
America, dear Motherland!

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FROM HEADQUARTERS TO YOU

A Word from Washington to the Women Red Cross Workers all over the Country

PLOWSHARES FOR SWORDS

IN WARSAW the price of thread has risen to $2.50 a bobbin."

There is a complete absence of underwear, clothing, and shoes in Poland. A long procession of German requisitions has swept the board of raw materials, textile machinery, the bolts of cloth on the dealers' shelves. Most of the people cannot even mend the clothes they have, for only the rich can afford thread. Darning is a luxury.

The same condition prevails in all the liberated countries. The people of Belgium have had no textiles for four years, except the comparatively meagre imports of second-hand clothing from America. An American Intelligence Officer, attached to the Czech Army in Siberia, reports that he had the only suit of underwear in his division and that since delicacy forbade his wearing it, he left it on exhibition with the quartermaster. Nakedness keeps step with starvation in the Balkans. The complex machinery which turns out a well fed and well clothed family—the machinery for farm and factory and shop which the modern takes for granted and without which he is reduced to unwilling and helpless savagery—has been wrecked with familiar German thoroughness. The work of rebuilding civilization in these countries is too big for the Red Cross. It is Government work, and it is being faced by the Allied Governments. Meantime the Red Cross Commissions in Poland, Belgium, northern France, Palestine, Russia, Siberia, and the Balkans are doing what they can until definte Government arrangements are made.

The desperate part of the situation is that these people cannot help themselves. They have not got "the makings." Americans have. So you are asked to take up your needles again and keep them flying at war-time speed on ugly garments that have the beauty of familiarity to the peasants of Europe. You already know them well. Your eyes are accustomed to their drab colors and clumsy lines. Your sense of beauty probably rebels at making them. Let it rebel. Its reaction is quite correct, but never doubt the absolute rightness of line and color and fabric for their destined purpose.

In 1917 and 1918 the refugees of France and Italy were in such sad plight that they would have taken garments of any kind. Not only did you clothe them—you sent them clothes they liked to wear. It will be the same in 1919. Every garment you send abroad made from Red Cross patterns will actually prevent suffering. More than that it will be a bridge across the horror of the immediate past to almost forgotten happiness. If you have ever been in the grip of nostalgia and found unreasonable comfort in something that "looked like home," you will not underrate that added bit of cheer.

The need for clothes is so far beyond our power of giving that the discarded apparel of the whole country must be collected to eke out the capacity of the work rooms. During March the Red Cross is hoping to collect 10,000 tons of old clothes in the great receiving station at Newark. There they will be disinfected and shipped abroad in burlap bags—a new way of pack-

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ing which saves valuable cargo space. They will be sent, as they are needed, to all the liberated countries. The Red Cross will distribute them wherever it has Commissions. In other places they will be handled by the Commission for the Relief of Europe, of which Mr. Hoover is the head.

Peace after war does not mean rest. The ancient tribesman, returning from a neighborly dispute, beat his sword into a plowshare to till his neglected field. No sooner did you lay down your knitting needles in response to the order, "No more socks and sweaters for soldiers after January 1st," than you were asked to pick them up again to make small stockings and sweaters and mufflers for the children of Europe and shawls for their mothers. To-day the Peace Conference is busy with the plowshares of all Europe, but each of us must look to the rewelding of his own sword. We have no time to rest from battle. Unstack your needles!

BADGES FOR RED CROSS SERVICE

CHEVRONS, bars, leaves, eagles, a scattering of stars, campaign ribbons, and marksman medals—the city streets offer a liberal education in military insignia. After several months of homecoming, even the *Croix de Guerre*, the Victoria Cross, and the Legion of Honor can be displayed without causing a riot or interfering with traffic. But the thing that we each look for first on general, lieutenant, or able-bodied seaman is the gold or blue or silver stripe on the left forearm. It is the simplest mark of service. It means only that a man has served in the Army here or abroad for a certain length of time. Nothing of the quality of his work is implied, for that is beyond simple classification. The "V" of braid does not reveal whether he fought in the trenches or unloaded cargo at Brest, nor does it register its wearer's reaction to a desk job n Washington. It merely states his fundamental claim to honor—that he was part of the nation's Army.

Each of you who, since April, 1917, has worked for the Red Cross six months or more with a minimum of 800 hours, has received a certificate of "service faithfully performed in behalf of the nation and her men at arms." This recognition carries with it the right to buy and wear the Red Cross Service Badge. For each additional six months' service, a woman may add a white stripe to the blue ribbon of her badge—making a possible two stripes for eighteen months' work. The various types of Red Cross insignia of honor are reproduced in color on pages 33 and 34 of this issue of the Magazine.

Several hundred thousand certificates have been issued, and the first order of 200,000 women's medals and 25,000 buttons for men has been heavily drawn upon.

Should the badges have been given with the certificates? Surely every worker "deserves" one. But think a minute. No bit of enamelled copper could be considered compensation for the loyal toil of the men and women of the Red Cross. The glorious success of the work is your reward. The badge is, at best, only a mark of service. A general distribution would have cost $200,000 of the War Fund. The War Council could not take money entrusted to it by the American people for the relief of human suffering, and spend it to "hang jewelry" upon even the most loyal workers. That would be a betrayal of the cause in which you have spent yourselves.

Paid workers rank with volunteers in this recognition of service. Red Cross salaries are in no case excessive. Without them many specialists could not do their indispensable share. They have not spared themselves. From typist to department head they have labored indefatigably as the work demanded, nor has there ever been a request for extra pay for overtime. You have all given what you could.

A symbol can never express exact gradations. To remain simple it must be general. The Red Cross chose six months as its unit of service. You who worked 1,500 hours between April and October, 1917, wear the same insignia as the woman who gave 800 hours. It could not be otherwise unless a time clock were installed in every office and work room. But a time credit is set on each garment so that work done outside the work room may count in the final tally.

Recognition s given, too, where the spirit was willing but opportunity was denied. The women on lonely farms, who drove long distances to reach a work room that was open only one or two days a week; women in industry, who worked for the Red Cross after the factories and shops were closed—these may wear their medals on khaki ribbons, registering a minimum of 400 hours.

It is the fact of common effort that pulls us together into a Red Cross Army. Degree and kind are minor matters. Your Service Badge proclaims that you, too, had a part in the great war.

YOUR BOY'S WORST ENEMY

YOU, the mothers and wives and sweethearts of our disabled soldiers, are apt to be their most dangerous enemies. The more you love them the worse you will treat them."

Sir Arthur Pearson, the blind man who is teaching England's sightless soldiers how to be blind, and whose story appears in this issue of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, said this astounding thing to the women folks of the men under his care. He spoke from sad experience with men made helpless by too much affection. He wanted to make those women assets instead of liabilities in the fight to salvage each man's happiness, and he did.

Your boy has been badly hurt in the "big scrap." When the Army doctors have made him as whole as may be, the next stage in his recovery is to fit him to earn his living. There are trades and professions in which his wound will not be a handicap. The Government is eager to train him for any one he may choose. The Federal Board for Vocational Education, delegated to this service, will give him expert advice on requirements and business opportunities and arrange his whole course for him. The Army wants to send him out of its ranks a self-supporting citizen.

The only thing the boy wants is to get home. He is tired of Army life and hospital life. He says he

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guesses he'll take a furlough and talk things over with the family before he decides anything about training.

What is your instinctive attitude when you see him? Protection. He is your son and he has gotten hurt in the great adventure of our generation. Naturally you want to spend the rest of your life taking care of him. You will sacrifice anything to do it. If you persuade him to accept your care or to take a job that is half charity and has no future, you sacrifice not yourself but him.

Help him instead to stand on his own feet—even if one is of metal. Show him that his wound is not an "affliction" but a handicap to be overcome. Urge him to take the Government training. It will bring him a job to take care of him, not as long as you live but as long as he lives.

Our wounded soldiers deserve all honor. We must not let their glory deprive them of common human happiness based upon the ability to "earn their salt."

IS THERE A FACTORY IN YOUR TOWN?

I'LL never see a mill-hand or a factory girl coming home at night, but I'll remember how my own eyes used to burn from inspecting shells, and how my arms ached from slamming back the gears of my machine. The war's over, but now, at least, I know how it feels to be so tired after a day's work that you're numb!"

That remark was made by an English woman, but there are probably thousands of women and girls all over the United States who can testify to the truth of her statement. It is not easy to stand on your feet for eight or ten hours a day, inspecting shell-caps or tin-can tops, especially when the heat rises in your face and the roar of your power-belt is torture to your already throbbing head. What you need, then, is fresh air, comfortable clothes, sensible shoes, steady nerves and, above all, a clear knowledge of how to take care of yourself, or else you will topple over on your machine some day—the shortest way to the First Aid Room!

Because girls have worked in shops and factories long before the submarine menace appeared, the Department of Nursing at National Headquarters feels, now that peace is again within sight, that the time has come to make a great constructive effort to safeguard the fundamental basis of individual and national freedom—health. To accomplish this end, it is offering a course in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick to every community in the United States which will accept such instruction. This course teaches methods of elementary nursing procedure· how to check contagion, how to nurse a member of the family in case of minor illness, how to care for babies and small children; how to meet the countless emergencies which arise every day in almost every activity of life. The instruction is to be given by a Red Cross nurse, the charge is nominal and, if necessary, the course may be given without cost to the student. An examination is not an absolute necessity at the completion of the work. Because of the special need in industrial centres, the course is intended to equip, to the highest possible degree, every woman and girl employed in a factory or shop, so that she may protect herself against avoidable occupational diseases, over-fatigue, contagion, and infection.

But, you say, "As I don't happen to work either in a shell-shop or tin-can factory, how does this argument affect me?" This line of reasoning no longer holds. Because we have learned many lessons from our short year and a half of war—chief among which is a "social conscience"—the Department of Nursing challenges your interest, your enthusiasm, and your fullest cooperation in helping organize such a class in the factory or shop nearest your home.

THE NEW RED CROSS MAGAZINE

IN the welter of talk about post-war conditions, League of Nations, economic affairs, there runs an underlying thought fundamentally as old as Christianity, and yet the world to-day emphasizes it and stresses it as never before. "The world belongs to the children—the future is theirs." Never in civilized history has that idea become so interwoven in our aims and our hopes The RED CROSS MAGAZINE, recognizing that trend of the new times, will have a Children's Number for its next issue. Coningsby Dawson has written a thoughtful and interpretive article on the arousing of the maternal instinct among the American and English soldiers. Zona Gale has contributed a story of Friendship Village and its children, and particularly the happenings to a little Greek boy there, who is just learning American ideals. Captain Achmed Abdullah tells of the children of the Orient and shows us, with a brilliant word painting, the new generation of the East and their future Ellis Parker Butler furnishes a story of two young children, temporarily left at home who seem to assume nearly the whole responsibilty of winning the war.

Woods Hutchinson gives us a helpful and a practical article on the development camps—those fields where the boys of the draft were sent who were not physically fit for the Army. Samuel Hopkins Adams contributes the first of two articles on "Educating the Maimed for Useful Work"—a trenchant telling of just what the Government and the Red Cross are doing toward returning the injured to working life.

The number will be illustrated by W. T. Benda, Franklin Booth, Edward A. Wilson, Maginel Wright Enright, F. Luis Mora, Henry J. Soulen, and Willy Pogany.

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THE MOST OBSTINATE MAN IN BELGIUM

Burgomaster Max's Story of His Imprisonment by the Germans

Written by Himself

A LITTLE more than four years ago, on the 20th of August, 1914, the German Army entered Brussels. The evening before, General von Bulow had issued the following order to the citizens: "If our troops meet with the least resistance from any of the citizens or if there is as much as a single sign of hostility or ill-will toward the Army of Occupation, I will follow out the instructions which have been given me and will raze the city of Brussels to the last stone. In order to guarantee the good conduct of the population, the Burgomaster of Brussels, the City Council, and a hundred of the most prominent citizens must present themselves to-morrow at ten o'clock in the morning at the eastern gate of Brussels These gentlemen will be temporarily detained as hostages under the orders of the Commandant."

As soon as I received word that the Germans were to occupy the city, I called upon my fellow citizens to be calm and to maintain their poise, and announced that I would protect their rights to the best of my ability.

The following day, the 20th of August, I left the City Hall accompanied by M. Jacqmain and M. Vauthier both town councilors of Brussels. Our automobile bore a white flag. Near the Cemetery of St. Josse-Ten-Noode we left the car when we saw approaching the head of the German columns marching upon Brussels. The officer in command approached us.

"*Was wunschen sie?*" he questioned

"I do not speak German, sir," I answered.

Whereupon he replied in French, "What do you want?"

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"I am the Burgomaster of Brussels," I told him, "and I want to telegraph His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, to ask him to stop his armies from marching across the capital of Belgium. He has been the guest of the city and he should have such pleasant memories of his visit that surely he will grant my request."

The officer's answer was to demand, from the various communes that form the city of Brussels, vast supplies of bread, wheat, rice, sugar, etc., for his troops on their way through the city. Similar demands were made on succeeding days.

And this was not all. It was demanded in addition that the city of Brussels and its communes pay a huge fine within three days, for carrying on the war.

"Sir," I said, "I protest vigorously against these demands and I accede to them only through force of necessity."

General von Jakobsky, commanding the Fourth Corps of the German Army, came to me and extended his hand in salutation.

"I regret extremely, General," said I, without taking the proffered hand, "that under the present circumstances I am unable to grasp your hand, for I cannot forget the wrong that you have done to my country."

The General kept his hand outstretched a minute and then he said, briefly, "I understand, Burgomaster."

He saluted and requisitioned five automobiles for himself and his staff of twenty officers. These automobiles followed the one in which I was seated with my town councilors to the City Hall, where I determined to live.

I had the following poster circulated through the town during the next day: "I understand that in certain parts of the city persons giving themselves out as representing the City Government have gone from house to house telling the inhabitants to withdraw their flags. This is a deliberate falsehood. The municipal authorities have given no one authority to issue such an unpatriotic order." The Germans retaliated by announcements couched in the most violent terms and bristling with threats, in which the words "punishable by death" occurred frequently.

To avoid trouble I had ordered the saloons and places where liquor was sold to close from nine in the evening until six in the morning. One evening the proprietress of a café on the Avenue La Renaissance telephoned me that it was impossible for her to comply with this order as some German officers refused to leave. At once I hastened to the scene of trouble. Unarmed, I entered the café and ordered the lights to be extinguished and the café to be closed. The proprietress pleaded in vain with the German officers to go, but they scoffed at an order emanating from such a source as a Belgian burgomaster.

Quietly I repeated my order and said to them, "Don't think for one instant, gentleman, that you can frighten us with a display of firearms. An order is an order and out you go." Forthwith the lights were extinguished and the officers left without any further trouble.

SOON events became more serious. On the 16th of September, two weeks after Baron von der Goltz had declared that he did not "ask a single one to repudiate his patriotism," the military governor, Baron von Luettwitz, issued an order that all Belgian flags might no longer be displayed.

In reading this I was terrified lest the population of the city manifest its rage and its bitterness. I once more appealed to the good sense of my fellow citizens. I had the following reply placarded all over the city:

"Beloved citizens: An order newly posted to-day informs you that the national flag of our beloved country is considered a provocation to violent acts on the part of the German troops. The order is a cruel blow to the loyal and patriotic population of the city. I ask you, fellow citizens, to give a new example of the largeness of spirit and dignity of soul of which you have already shown so many proofs. Let us accept, provisionally, the sacrifice which is imposed upon us. Let us take in our flags to avoid conflict and await patiently the hour of reparation."

I can truthfully say that my notice caused great commotion, but the national colors were rolled up and hidden carefully away to await the glorious days when they might be unfurled in victory. The following day each placard was carefully covered by a piece of white paper by order of the German authorities.

THE most difficult question to decide was that of the large war tax imposed on Brussels by the Germans. I declared that we were in no position, despite our entire willingness, to procure the total amount and I begged for a diminution of the burden. I also succeeded in having the requisition of food supplies stopped for eight days, for in truth there was grave danger that the population of Brussels, which approached 800,000 souls, might die of starvation. However, the next day the commanding general of the troops passing through Brussels made me understand that the cessation of the requisitioning for eight days would only be carried out if we put at his disposal a large number of locomotives. I protested.

I also refused to assist in collecting an additional indemnity that was demanded shortly afterward.

I presided over a conference of delegates of the communes of Brussels, which had been called to consider what measures should be taken in view of the extremely alarming and critical food situation.

We were deliberating on this question when a German officer was announced and admitted. Turning to me he said,

"Your Honor, please *follow* me immediately to the office of the *Kommandantur* who wishes to speak to you."

"I regret extremely," I replied, "my inability to *precede* you to the office of the *Kommandantur*, but I am in an important conference with my colleagues and I cannot disturb the meeting. At five o'clock I will go to see the *Kommandantur*."

The officer left, but in scarcely half an hour he appeared once more and said,

"The *Kommandantur* not only cannot, but will not, await you. I have my orders to conduct you immediately to him."

"I said five o'clock," I replied, "and that is my final word."

When the door had closed on the officer I said to my

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colleagues, "Let us continue the business of the conference."

At a quarter before five I adjourned the meeting and shook each of my colleagues by the hand, for the future looked dark indeed to me. I hastened to the Military Governor, who forthwith announced that he had suspended me from office and that I was to be sent to a prison fortress in Germany.

The councilors and my brother were allowed to come and see me in the place where I was imprisoned in the Ministry of Science and Arts. The military governor assured my brother that nothing would happen to me and that I would be *honorably* treated in a German fortress. The United States minister and the minister from Spain made valiant efforts to procure my release, but in vain. I was led into a captivity which lasted for more than four years.

THE following morning, I was taken in an automobile to the military prison of Namur where I was kept for fifteen days. That which upset me and hurt me cruelly was the fact that I had been snatched from my post where I knew I had been and might still be useful to the population of Brussels. What can one do in prison except think and worry over events of the past?

But I was unable to obtain a hearing to plead against the illegality of my arrest; and the following Saturday I was told to be prepared to be taken to Aix la Chapelle. Fifty-one hours after I had started on my sad journey we arrived at the fortress of Glatz, in Silesia, in the far eastern corner of the German Empire.

My impressions upon my arrival were mixed. Compared with the soldiers on active service, I was a privileged character, and yet I envied them for they at least served their country, while I had been relegated to a terrible and galling inactivity. The stern measures which they forced me to submit to on my arrival at the fortress were such that I determined to write a letter of protest to the military government I wrote, in part:

Fortress of Glatz,
15th October, 1914.

To The German Military Government:

If I have voluntarily refused to send to the *Kommandantur* the money of which I am the custodian, it was as a protest and to draw the attention of the German authorities to their illegal method of forcing payment, according to my point of view.

In my capacity of Burgomaster of Brussels I have been arrested in the pursuit of my duties. But I am by law in no way forced to submit my actions to the German authorities; I hold office under the Belgian Government exclusively. During the first days of the German occupation of Brussels a contract was submitted to me. This contract, of which the German Government at Brussels possesses a copy, guaranteed that the municipal government should function under the authority of the German troops. I refused to sign this contract and my refusal was acknowledged. Furthermore, it was formally agreed that I should continue to fulfill my office independently. To be brief, I never in any way was under the jurisdiction of the German Government at Brussels.

BURGOMASTER MAX'S IMPRISONMENT

1 day at Brussels (September 26, 1914)
15 days in Namur (September 27–October 12, 1914)
1 day at Cologne (October 12, 1914)
407 days at Glatz (October 13, 1914–November 27, 1915)
318 days at Celle Schloss (November 28, 1915–October 12, 1916)
473 days in Berlin (October 12, 1916–January 29, 1918)
35 days at Celle Schloss (January 29–March 5, 1918)
240 days at Berlin (March 5–end of October, 1918)

1,490 days, or 4 years and 1 month

Meanwhile, I was imprisoned in a cell. It was so cold and damp that I was forced to keep my overcoat on all day long and always at night. The food which I received in small parcels from Belgium could not be kept and grew mouldy rapidly. I was in solitary confinement and was not permitted to have any communication whatsoever with the other prisoners. When I had a chance for a short talk with the officer who served me, another officer listened to our conversation most suspiciously. You can judge for yourself that I was considered a dangerous prisoner.

My protestations, either sent directly or through friends to the legations of the neutral countries, were all in vain. The German Minister of War refused to have me transferred to better quarters. Finally I was permitted to walk outside my prison, but was surrounded by guards in such a fashion that I did not consider such exercise compatible with my dignity and, therefore, refused it.

THE days passed by. My appearance became that of a true prisoner. Having no necktie I wore no collar, an old blue scarf taking its place. There was no longer a single button on my vest and with two safety pins my shirt held up the rest of my clothes. My trousers were kept up by another safety pin in place of a belt, and the shreds of my suspenders were held together by an ingenious combination of more safety pins.

Some Russian officers were imprisoned in other cells, and they were kept in solitary confinement like myself. Judge of my surprise and gratitude one day on hearing the strains of "La Brabançonne," the national air of Belgium, arising from the neighboring cells. The Russian officers in their damp mouldy cells, having learned that I was their neighbor, were endeavoring to encourage me and to greet me through their cell walls. I drank in eagerly every note of the sacred song. When they had finished I hastily cleared my

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throat and, in my loudest tones, commenced singing the Russian national anthem.

About this time the town councilors of Brussels addressed to the Governor-General a request that I be permitted to be removed to Switzerland until the end of the war. This was refused.

Here is the opinion they had of me, or rather the opinion which they wished others to have:

"I would have you notice," said Von Bissing, "that the suspending of M. Max from office was not an administrative measure, but one which was taken because of his incompatibility with his office. During the entire time that M. Max was mayor, he showed himself a bitter enemy of the German administration. Moreover, since his imprisonment at Glatz I have had in my hands many letters coming from M. Max from which I am able to judge that he has changed his opinion in no way, but rather he shows himself to be now a more bitter enemy of Germany than heretofore."

BUT after the intervention of the legations of the neutral countries I was transferred to Celle Schloss, in Hanover. In my room I now had a folding table, three chairs, and a cot. After the 407 days of isolation in my cell at Glatz, I was overjoyed at the fact that I was no longer to be buried alive and that I might hold conversation with others. I made an arrangement with an English colonel for an interchange of French and English lessons. We arranged little gatherings, and from these meetings we took new hope which strengthened us through many long hours of waiting.

I stayed at Celle Schloss for 318 days On the 12th of October, 1916, the order came to transfer me to the military prison of Berlin. They refused to give me the least explanation for this sudden change. I was imprisoned in a narrow cell, with scant furnishings and no light save that from a lantern hanging from the ceiling. I learned that the change in my existence was caused by accusations "of the highest order," which had been lodged against me. I was accused of having plotted with my fellow prisoners to escape, to have had secret communication with the outside world, and to have corresponded clandestinely with the Belgian Government in Havre. I protested vigorously, and I insisted upon my right to defend myself. Everything was refused except an official investigation. For a whole year no change was made in my existence; but on the 15th of October, 1917, the court of Lunebourg, on the requisition of the King of Prussia, handed down a decision that the measures taken against me were groundless and abandoned this action against me

During my entire stay of 473 days in the prison cell at Berlin, I was kept in solitary confinement and saw only my jailers. The food was truly deplorable. Fortunately an occasional package from my friends in Belgium would reach me. At one time I feared lest the packages had been stopped by an order. Again I protested most vigorously, threatening to bring proceedings against the administration, with the result that they promised to reimburse me for the things that I had failed to receive! During the long winter nights the hours seemed endless to me. For cooking purposes I was allowed a litre of alcohol a week, which lasted me three days; during the remaining four days I ate my food cold.

To pass away the time and to keep me from losing my mind, I had drawn up a schedule of duties for the day and forced myself to follow it most rigorously. Half an hour was spent in making my toilet, an hour for my meals, half an hour for mending my clothes, for washing my dishes, for preparing my meals, half an hour for physical exercise, during which I took 7,300 steps around the courtyard in company with a sergeant of the guard. I read for perhaps eleven hours and studied German for an hour and a half, and the remaining nine hours were for sleep.

Four months after it had been determined that the accusations that had been brought against me were false, I was returned to Celle Schloss. The second stay was much more terrible than the first. The *Kommandantur* announced that military rules of the prison would be applicable to me, and that I must answer roll call three times a day—morning, noon, and night. I called the attention of the Minister of War to the fact that it had been formally declared that I was to be treated with respect, and I declared that the mayor of Brussels would never submit to such an indignity.

"May I telegraph to the Minister of War in Berlin?" I asked.

"No," said the *Kommandantur*, briefly.

The following morning I did not appear at roll call. A corporal and four men were sent to take me from my cell and lead me to the courtyard. They called my name. I failed to reply. To punish me they shut me up in an underground hole and kept me there for twenty days; I was not allowed to communicate with anybody, nor to leave for any motive whatsoever. I was left without light, without books, and had for food only dry bread and water which was passed to me through a little opening in the thick wall. On the 5th of March, 1918, I was taken out of this tomb and permitted to say good-bye to my former comrades of Celle Schloss, as I was being sent to Berlin.

MY trials continued. I was put in a cell and fined 500 marks, which I promptly refused to pay. I stayed in the cell until the end of October, 1918, 240 days all told. I corresponded with no one but I greeted my new existence joyfully, however hard it might be, after my last imprisonment. Finally the Reichstag, having voted for an armistice, I was set in comparative liberty at Gorlor, in Hanover. I made every effort to get back speedily to Brussels and home.

At Aix la Chapelle my brother and the town councilor were awaitng me when I was at last free. In an automobile, in triumph, we returned to Brussels, arriving there Friday evening, the 15th of November. On Sunday, the 17th, I took up my official duties once more.

Now that I am back amid my beloved people, the past four years seem like a nightmare. I only did my duty as I saw it and what any other man would have done in a similar position. My body resisted the discomforts I endured, because my conscience was clear.

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The "March of the Red Cross," as it is seen in northern Russia

THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

WITH the retirement of the War Council on March 1st, and President Wilson's appointment of Dr. Livingston Farrand as Chairman of the Central Committee, the American Red Cross shifts from a war to a peace basis. The new peace will involve far greater tasks than those of pre-war days. Red Cross Commissions are active in nearly all the countries of Europe. For a long time to come they will be giving relief in the devastated areas supplementary to the Allied programme of feeding the ravished nations. Over here, the home and camp services, the canteen and motor corps will stay with the Army during the long period of demobilization and readjustment. The Red Cross is pledged, moreover, to the development of public health nursing and the spread of health knowledge through classes of instruction.

The choice of Dr. Farrand as peace head of the Red Cross insures a wise and energetic fulfillment of this programme. He comes well equipped to the position. He graduated in 1888 from Princeton and is a Master of Arts of the same university. He is also a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. Since 1914 he has been President of the University of Colorado. For nine years he has been Executive Secretary of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Upon our entrance into the war, he was made director of the tuberculosis work of the International Health Board in France. His eighteen months abroad have made him intimate with many aspects of Red Cross work and have proved his statesmanlike qualities in handling complicated situations—social, political, and professional.

AS THE ARMY RETURNS

SERVICE to the homeward-bound troops now begins when they weigh anchor at the foreign port of embarkation. A Red Cross man is assigned to each transport. His job, as various as that of a camp director, ranges from distributing tooth paste to straightening out home tangles. "Canteen escorts" accompany all hospital trains running from the ports of debarkation or between army hospitals. This is an emergency service. The escort is there to do whatever is needed—keep the patients amused, get supplies from station canteens, or supplement the work of doctors and orderlies.

Hospital service is rapidly increasing as the wounded and sick return from France. At the end of January there were already 70,000 men in the military hospitals in this country. The Red

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Cross representatives are able to look after many details for which the hospital personnel have no time, such as corresponding with the soldiers' families, providing games and reading matter, receiving visitors, and acting as guides in the enormous debarkation hospitals. In forty-three reconstruction hospitals the Red Cross is launching a recreation programme aimed at awakening the wounded man's initiative and interest in occupation. It is also coöperating with the Federal Board of Vocational Education to inform reconstructed men of work for which they can be fitted and to interest them in training for a job. The War Council has appropriated $30,000 as an unrestricted contribution to the Federal Board. In so far as possible this sum will be used to provide advisory experts. The Red Cross Home Service is informing the disabled men who have returned home of their opportunities to become self-supporting at the Government's expense.

The returning war nurses are not forgotten in the general demobilization. An information bureau has been established at 44 East 23rd Street, New York City, where any of the 23,000 military and naval nurses are told of positions that are available to them in civil life. For the benefit of nurses in the camps and cantonments, duplicate files are kept at the thirteen divisional headquarters.

To encourage the development of public health nursing, the War Council has appropriated $30,000 to provide scholarships in this branch of the profession.

The after effects of disaster are pressing hard upon the 20,000 who were made homeless last winter by the Minnesota forest fires. For their relief the War Council has appropriated $125,000. Of this sum $75,000 is given to the Minnesota Forest Fire Relief Commission, which is undertaking to give the destitute families a new start. The remaining $50,000 is to provide hospital supplies, nurses, and other Red Cross workers.

FOREIGN RELIEF INCREASES

THE work of feeding and rebuilding the devastated countries is too great for the Red Cross to undertake. It is properly a Government problem. Our Commissions, however, are in a position to supplement the Allied programme of feeding the stricken nations with surgical and medical aid and supplies, with clothing and special food for children and the sick. As the liberated countries are penetrated by the Commissions, the extent of this work is taxing all the Red Cross resources.

Requisitions for supplies and personnel from all Commissions except those in Russia and Siberia are now routed through the Commissioner to Europe, which has headquarters in Paris. In this way surplus stocks in France and Italy can be applied on these orders before they are transmitted to America. A gift of $5,000 worth of cotton goods and other materials was recently sent to Queen Marie of Rumania from French stocks.

Civilian relief in France is being rapidly transferred to French organizations, together with the means for its continuance in money and supplies. Permanent hospitals are being established in Paris and St. Etienne. From Red Cross warehouses in the devastated regions, clothes, household utensils, tools, and supplementary food are being distributed through authorized French societies.

A total appropriation of $5,000,000 has been allotted to the Balkan Commission, headed by Col. Henry Anderson, under which units are operating in Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro. Two million dollars of this appropriation is to be taken in supplies already on hand in France. A small unit for Albania has been organized under Major Glenford L. Bellis, of the Army Medical Corps. Headquarters of the Balkan Commission will be established in Constantinople on the advice of the Allied military authorities.

Poland is the latest country to be opened to Red Cross relief. Four years of isolation and German occupation have all but wrecked the country. Ruthless requisitioning and the cessation of imports have swept the country nearly bare of food, clothing, and drugs. The total number of cattle and hogs has been reduced to one half, as has been the productiveness of the soil. Starches, fats, and drugs are completely lacking. There are no new textiles, clothes, or shoes to be had, and the people generally are in rags. Epidemics have swept the country in a long series since the beginning of the war. The Red Cross Commission, headed by Walter C. Bailey, has the coöperation and approval of the American elements interested in Polish relief. It will undertake a field of general relief, lying outside the activities of the Allied Governments. It will supply supplemental diet for children and relieve actual cases of starvation. The need for medical service and supplies is unlimited. The Commission will use a good part of the second-hand garments collected in America for the liberated countries. It will carry supplies and give emergency relief.

Red Cross work for the U. S. troops in Archangel is firmly established, and relief is being extended to surrounding districts. Horse-drawn sleds carry drugs and supplies to the hungry and almost forgotten villages in the heart of north Russia.

The first anti-typhus train started through Siberia from Vladivostok in the middle of January. On February 4, the sixth supply train was dispatched. Its twenty-six cars carried $38,000 worth of clothing, blankets, medicines, and

IN MAY

WHEN the war broke out Coningsby Dawson, an Englishman and an Oxford man, was living in America. Already he had made his name known, for "The Garden Without Walls" had taken a leading place among the books of 1913, and readers and editors and critics all saw a rare promise in the work. Soon after the Germans started their attack on civilization, Mr. Dawson went to Ottawa, enlisted in the Canadian Field Artillery, was given a commission, and sailed almost immediately for France. In his years of war experience, Lieutenant Dawson has continuously observed the outstanding love of the soldiers, both English and Americans, for children. He calls it almost a maternal feeling and notes the changes in the men when children are around. There is something of the nobility of idea and of sentiment in the articles he has written for the May number that our readers found so crowded into the pages of "Carry on," etc.

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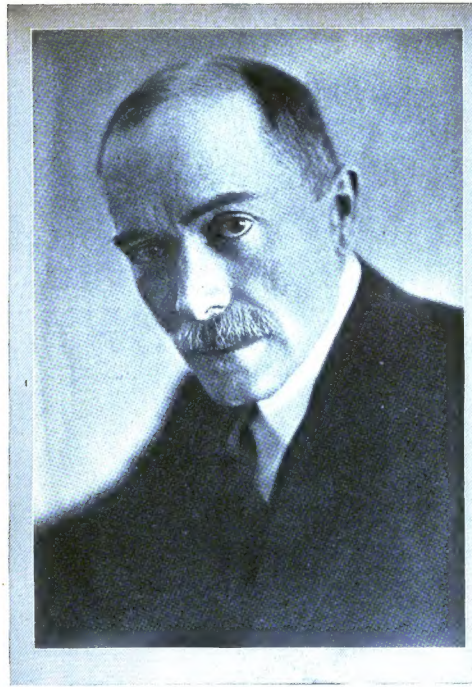

DR. LIVINGSTON FARRAND

APPOINTED by President Wilson as Chairman of the Central Committee of the American Red Cross; a doctor by profession; since 1914 President of the University of Colorado; for eighteen months in France with the International Health Board

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American Red Cross workers distributing food to the children of Archangel

other supplies for the refugees and returned Russian prisoners scattered through West Omsk. Protection against cold and typhus was afforded to 100,000 Russian soldiers on the Ural fronts by a recent gift of underwear, sweaters, and socks. The Siberian budget has received an increase of $200,000. Of this, $30,000 is to be spent for food and clothing for the Russian railway employees who otherwise could not continue their work. Several thousand children sent out of Russia to escape famine have been left stranded in western Siberia, unable to return home because of the Bolshevik operations. The Red Cross has collected 1,200 of these small unfortunates in various centres and is taking care of them.

A Red Cross Commission for the relief of Russian and Allied prisoners has been dispatched to Germany with an appropriation of $1,000,000. Stores for the use of the commission are held in Denmark, France, and Switzerland. Everything is ready to send forward the moment the investigations are made, the plans formed, and the necessary formalities with the new German Government are carried through. The United States Army requested this action to meet the acute emergency of the Russian prisoners. These men are the victims of terrible sanitary conditions, slow starvation, and the consequent anæmia. Their own Government has made no effort to repatriate them. There are 200 camps in Germany containing Russian prisoners. Tours of investigation will be made to locate the men, who are estimated to number about 600,000. The Red Cross will furnish them with clothing, "convalescent food," and medical care. The Commission, which numbers thirty-five men under the leadership of Major Carl Taylor, will operate in close coöperation with the Inter-Allied Commission which is directing its work from Berlin.

An outpost with camp fire in the cold and bitter winter of the northern Russian front

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